

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow Rain

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 3 p. m., 70 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 2

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 22, 1906

NUMBER 262

\$30,000 STOCK Of Goods For Sale!

Beginning Thursday, January 17, and continuing for 30 days, we will sell our entire stock of dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, clothing and groceries at actual wholesale cost. Everything goes in this sale except wagons and farm implements. A large assortment of buggies is included in this cost sale. We have over-bought for the season and want to reduce our \$30,000 in the next 30 days to \$15,000. If you are "from Missouri" we can "show you" we are doing what we claim. This sale will be for spot cash--nothing will be charged--as we need the money more than we need the goods. President Roosevelt could not buy on credit from us during this sale. Opportunity knocks once at every man's door.

This is Your Opportunity

The Big Store
Reed & Harrison

CORNERSTONE OF MASONIC TEMPLE IMPRESSIVELY LAID

South McAlester, I. T., Jan. 22.—The cornerstone of one of the finest buildings in America devoted exclusively to Masonic purposes was laid in South McAlester today. Its cost is to be \$150,000. In beauty of design, richness of finish and perfection of equipment it will be absolutely unique.

A procession formed at the Busby Hotel and proceeded to the site of the new temple, where the impressive Masonic ceremony of laying the cornerstone took place, followed by addresses from prominent Masons in attendance. In the evening the Master Mason's degree will be conferred in costume by the South McAlester

Lodge, and the remaining three days of the reunion will be devoted to the Scottish Rite work.

The new building will stand on the highest point of land along the M. K. & T. Railway between Parsons Kan., and Sherman, Tex.

It will be three stories, of cream brick and Carthage stone. The cornerstone, of Indian Territory granite, will be donated by the Masons of Tishomingo.

On the first floor will be a banquet room to seat 1,000 persons. On the second floor will be an auditorium to hold 1,200, with a minutely equipped stage and a magnificent pipe organ. The remainder of the structure will be devoted to class rooms and offices for the secretary and treasurer

MANY NEGROES MANGLED IN CHURCH FIRE PANIC

Philadelphia, Jan. 22.—Eighteen persons were killed and probably half a hundred injured in a panic following the cry of fire last night in St. Paul's Colored Baptist Church, in Eighth street. The services were held on the second floor of the building. A defective flue set fire to the chimney, causing smoke to issue through the crevices in the floor near the pulpit.

The room was well filled at the time and the cry "fire" coupled with the sight of the smoke threw the congregation into a panic.

A wild rush was made for the stairs, despite the efforts of Rev. E. W. Johnson, the pastor, to allay the fears of the frenzied people. All wanted to get out at

once and men, women and children alike were knocked down and trampled upon by those pushing from behind. The stairway to the first floor had one sharp turn in it and the frightened people became so tightly wedged in the bend of the stairs the frail wooden balustrade gave way, precipitating many to the first floor.

The crash and the screams and shrieks of the women and children added to the frenzy of those above. They did not stop in their mad rush to get out. Notwithstanding the wide open doors of the first floor leading to the street the crush was so great that eighteen persons had the life stamped out of them before the panic was ended.

THE TWO TERRITORIES IN BLIZZARDS' GRASP

From weather of the most sum mery description on Saturday, which was generally enjoyed by the people of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, the conditions changed suddenly and fiercely during the night and Sunday morning found the whole of the two Territories in the grasp of a veritable blizzard, which continued unabated in snow and wind almost throughout Monday.

Sapulpa, I. T., Jan. 22.—The first blizzard of this winter struck Sapulpa last afternoon at 3 o'clock and heavy snow is falling, with high wind from the north. It is still snowing at 9 a. m. The storm is reported to cover the entire Indian Territory.

Ardmore, I. T., Jan. 22.—The

coldest weather of the season is prevailing here. A cold wave struck this section Saturday night with great force. The past week has been the warmest for many years.

Guthrie, Ok., Jan. 22.—All Oklahoma is in the grasp of a norther, which began Saturday midnight and has raged ever since. Its effects are felt keenly as it follows two weeks of spring-like weather.

Oklahoma City, Ok., Jan. 22.—A cold wave struck this section early Sunday and there has been a change of 30 degrees in the thermometer.

Wedding invitations—latest styles—turned out at the News office.

POSSIBILITY OF THIRD TERM FOR ROOSEVELT

New York, Jan. 22.—A Washington special to the Herald says:

Jacob A. Riis' statement declaring that President Roosevelt would run a third time if it became necessary in order to achieve the defeat of the "money power," which he believes is engaged in obstructing the President's reforms, attracted considerable attention here. In fact, everything printed bearing on the President's political ambition attracts much attention, and especial importance is attached to Mr. Riis' statement that "party lines will be wiped out in 1908." This, is declared, foreshadows the formation of a "Roosevelt party" that will sweep the President in for a third term.

Representatives here point out significant things, both North and South, in justification of their belief. They say that the President has already laid the ground for a Roosevelt party in the North. He can either boss

the Republican party in New York and New England, or create a Roosevelt party, just as he chooses. In the South he is working to appease the Southern Democrats.

His appointment of Gen. Luke E. Wright to be Ambassador to Tokio is regarded here as purely political. His selection of Judge Rose of Arkansas to be one of the American delegates to the second peace conference at The Hague is on the same lines. His determination to retire negroes in the South as officeholders, so that they can make way for white men is in the same line. There is a very general feeling that the President expects great things from the South, and he is seeking to hold enough Southern men in hand to carry through measures, despite Republican opposition.

The Southern Democrats saved the Philippine tariff bill this week.

GOV. FRANTZ MUST PROBE THE SANITORIUM MATTER

Washington, Jan. 22.—Governor Frantz is expected to take up the sanitarium question and start something in that line very soon. He is the second governor appointed to do that work.

Ferguson was appointed on that issue; Jenkins having been fired on the same issue. The long and vicious lambasting by the president in making the change in office is easily recalled.

Ferguson went in and was to attend to it. The president had other troubles; thought no more about it. He supposed everything had been fixed up.

After four long years of Ferguson he was told that the asylum game was going on just the same. A bank had closed and the best dividends are coming from profits arising from pay for keeping asylum inmates and the service given them.

When the facts concerning the matter reached the president he was tempted to lambast Ferguson just as he had Jenkins, but it oc-

curred to him that Ferguson had been under him; had been intrusted with a certain work and trusted by him. Pouncing on Ferguson would be convicting himself of an oversight, and just there Ferguson escaped with his hide on.

Captain Frantz, long before he became governor, and before he was selected in fact, was given to understand what he was expected to do in the asylum matter. Very soon he will cause an investigation to be made; a real investigation about what to do with it when he gets the report he will take it up with the official here. There will be no surprise if the department of justice is called in and some prosecutions result.

Mr. J. H. Rose, returned to Barnett, I. T., after inspecting some land near Ada. He was glad to meet up with Judge U. G. Winn, whom he had not met since the latter was a small boy. Their families were intimate in Arkansas long ago.

THE ELECTRICAL BUSINESS

like every other business has its styles and its fashions. Our stock of fixtures is always up to the minute. We are also prepared to render the best service in plumbing and waterworks supplies and our prices are always consistent with our services. The best is always the cheapest. We also carry a full line of steam fixtures. Your patronage solicited.

Ada Electric and Plumbing Supply Co., Phone 237

MODEL BAKERY

Fresh Bread, Cakes, Pies, Etc.
A Fine Line of Candies

116 SOUTH BROADWAY, OPPOSITE OLD POSTOFFICE

COAL! COAL!!

Midway and Henryetta fancy lump, \$6.00 per ton. Some certain party is trying to mislead by telling the people of Ada that he is connected with me in the coal business. I will say to the citizens of Ada that I have no partner at all.

G. M. ANGLIN.

Phone 249. Orders Delivered to Any Part of the City

BILLIARDS

Enjoy an evening at the W. J. Wilson Billiard and Pool Parlors. Everything first class.

L. N. JAMES Mgrs. POOL

PAUL W. ALLEN,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Best of Service.

Allen Livery Barn

South Townsend Ave., Phone 64.

GUS KRANNICH THE TAILOR

After all it pays to have your clothes made by an experienced tailor. If Gus Krannich makes a suit for you you will never complain. Try him. Cleaning and repairing neatly done.

K. C. Tailor Shop. Ada, I. T.
(Over Freeman's Store)

The best Candies, Fruits and Cigars.
Box Candies a Specialty
At the Postoffice News Stand

Cheap Coal FOR CASH

Place your order for good coal with the

CRYSTAL ICE and COAL CO.

The driver is authorized to receipt you for payments.

Phone No. 122

The Ada National Bank.

TOM HOPE, President; JNO. L. BARRINGER, Vice President.
FRANK JONES, Cashier. ORVILLE SNEAD, Asst. Cashier

Capital Stock, - - - - - \$50,000.00
Undivided Profits, - - - - - 20,200.00

Blanks Furnished and Remittances Made to the Government on Town Lots.

ADA, CHICKASAW NATION, IND. TER.

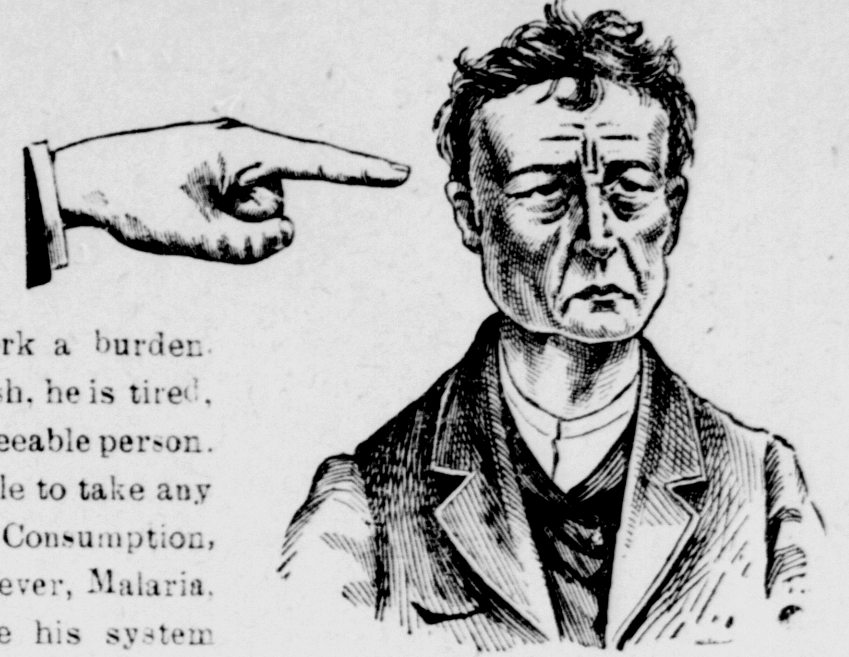


DO YOU FEEL LIKE THIS?

Here is a victim of neglect.

Bad digestion was the starting point. He ignored the warnings sent up by an overloaded and suffering stomach, hence the disorder spread until it has seriously weakened the entire digestive apparatus, involving the kidneys, liver and bowels. It is the beginning of a sick spell.

A person in this state of health finds work a burden. Strength and energy are gone, he can't eat with relish, he is tired, cross, nervous and dull—a truly useless and disagreeable person. The worst part about it is that such a person is liable to take any dangerous disease that may be about. Pneumonia, Consumption, Bright's Disease, Cholera, Typhoid or Yellow Fever, Malaria, Small Pox would find him an easy mark because his system is weakened by impurities which are poisoning his very life-blood. In this condition a powerful system cleanser and regulator is urgently needed, and for such purpose what more effective remedy can be found than the justly celebrated



Prickly Ash Bitters

A Remedy that Has Proved Its Value For Kidney, Liver and Bowel Disorders in a Brilliant Record of Cures Performed.

It is the right medicine for such purpose, the greatest, the most successful system cleanser and regulator. It combines the fine tonic properties of a kidney medicine, stomach, liver and blood purifier with a genial regulating influence in the bowels. It will gently urge the vital organs to a better and more complete performance of their duties, give them strength and tone and restore healthy activity throughout the body. When the system has been cleared of obstructions and the kidneys resume fully their office of purifying the blood, the general condition takes an upward turn. Appetite and digestion are improved, the eyes are brighter, the hollow cheeks fill out, the complexion loses that sallow, muddy cast, giving place to a clear skin and ruddy glow. These are the signals of returning health, and they bring that thrill and joy of living and interest in life's duties that only those in perfect health enjoy.

Some dealers will try to sell you something which they say is just as good as PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. DON'T TAKE IT. Get the genuine with the large figure 3 in red on the front label. It will give you the results you desire. Put up in 19 ounce bottles. Price, 1.00.

Sold by all Druggists.

SICK HALF THE TIME.

In diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs men and women are strong, hearty and vigorous are soon reduced to comparative helplessness, at times they are able to get about and do odd jobs, at others prostrated completely. This was the experience of thousands of persons who owe their present good health to the great healing effect of PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. Why endure all this distress when a remedy that has proved its power and effectiveness in such ailments can be so easily obtained. PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is a kidney tonic, liver and stomach stimulant and bowel purifier combined, therefore it exercises its cleansing and restorative influence uniformly in every part of the body. For the weakening irregularities peculiar to women PRICKLY ASH BITTERS has obtained the very highest endorsement. It corrects stomach and bowel disorders in children.

ADA EVENING NEWS.

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

OTIS B. WEAVER PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, BUSINESS MANAGER

Entered as Second class matter March 26, 1904, at the Postoffice at Ada, Indian Territory, under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates furnished on application

Revival Meeting Closed.

The cooperative revival meeting conducted by Rev. P. M. Fitzgerald of Arlington, Texas, and Rev. W. A. Erwin of Amarillo, Texas, closed last night. The first week it was held in the Presbyterian Church and the last two weeks in the Baptist Church. The cooperation of the various churches was something beautiful.

There were about 32 professions nearly all of whom gave their names for membership in some church. But probably the most good done was to the church people. Nearly all the sermons were directed to the church, and many have determined to live a better life. The sermons have been logical and eloquent, and thoroughly Biblical. The preacher has a good voice, pleasing personality and uses almost faultless English. The singing has been good. The solos and fine choruses have been

an inspiration to all. The evangelists go from here to Sulphur, I. T., where they begin next Sunday.

Two to Ardmore.

The officers took two prisoners to Ardmore Sunday night. One was a negro named Chas. Cochran, who was fined \$50 at last term of court for a disturbance and given time to pay it. Not having come through with the price he was retaken in custody under a capias.

The other party was Cots. Wilson, who was arrested in bed near Bebee Sunday morning by Officer Brents. He was indicted last term for a disturbance but has eluded the officers for some time.

WANTED:—Men in each state to travel, post signs, advertise and leave samples of our goods. Salary \$75.00 per month, \$3.00 per day for expenses. Kuhlman Co., Dept. S. Atlas Block, Chicago

Another Good Man Gone Wrong.

He neglected to take Foley's Kidney Cure at the first signs of kidney trouble, hoping it would wear away, and he was soon a victim of Bright's disease. There is danger in delay, but if Foley's Kidney Cure is taken at once the symptoms will disappear, the kidneys are strengthened and you are soon sound and well. A. R. Boss of Morgantown, Ind., had to get up ten or twelve times in the night, and had a severe backache and pains in the kidneys, and was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure.

Rev. Carlisle P. B. Martin, L. L. D.

Of Waverly, Texas, writes: "Of a morning, when first arising I often find a troublesome collection of phlegm which produces a cough and is very hard to dislodge; but a small quantity of Ballard's Horehound Syrup will at once dislodge it, and the trouble is over. I know of no medicine that is equal to it, and it is so pleasant to take. I can most cordially recommend it to all persons needing a medicine for throat or lung trouble." Sold by Clark Drug Co.

"Here lies mine babe, as dead as nits. Whom Gott has kilt mit ager fits. He would not let him live mit me So took him up to live mit He."

The child would have lived had he been given Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever Cure. Sold by Clark Drug Co.

TIME CARD.

Ada, Ind. Ter.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.

No. 510 Meteor, 4:48 p. m.
No. 512 Eastern Exp. 9:45 a. m.
No. 542 Local Freight, 3:45 p. m.

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

No. 509 Meteor, 9:00 a. m.
No. 511 Texas Pass, 9:05 p. m.
No. 541 Local Freight, 7:45 a. m.

Local freight trains carry passengers provided with permits. Ten per cent saved on the purchase of round trip tickets.

I. McNair, Agent.

Excursions to Florida and Cuba.

Will sell daily until April 30th 1906, low rate round trip tickets from all stations to certain points in Florida and Cuba, also to certain points in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina. Return limit, June 1st 1906. Through sleepers and Fred Harvey meals.

Let us furnish you rates, schedules, descriptive literature and other information.

I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.
F. E. Clark, D. P. A.,
Wichita Kansas.

TIME OF TRAINS

ADA, I. T.

THE RIGHT TRAINS BETWEEN

St. Louis, Hanibal, Kansas City, Junction City, Oklahoma City, In the North, and all points beyond.

NORTH BOUND.
No. 112 Express, daily, 4:05 p. m.
No. 564 Local, except Sunday, 11:53 a. m.
SOUTH BOUND.
No. 111 Express, daily, 11:53 a. m.
No. 563 Local, except Sunday, 2:16 p. m.

Annual Convention Retail Hardware and Implement Dealers Association of Texas, Dallas, Texas, January 23 to 25, 1906. For this occasion the Frisco will sell tickets at \$6.80 for the round trip. Tickets on sale Jan. 22, 23 and 24, limit for return Jan. 27th, 1906. I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.

To Aid the Southwest

Have you seen the new magazine, Southwest?

It is published in St. Louis (formerly the Frisco Magazine).

It is published by a Southwest man, contains stories of the Southwest and articles of interest to Southwest people, contributed by Southwest writers. It circulates in the Southwest, and contains the advertisements of Southwest firms. It will aid the Southwest in all her aims—for more people, for more factories, for advantageous legislation—for investment, immigration and irrigation.

Aid the work and benefit yourself by subscribing. Send 50c. for a year, 25c. for six months, or a postal for a sample copy FREE.

We also answer free of charge, inquiries from persons interested in settling or investing in the Southwest and furnish advertising rates on application. Address

Southwest, 1021 Frisco Building, St. Louis

Otis B. Weaver

Fire Insurance Agent

Represents several old line companies with practically unlimited capital, all of whom will positively meet any rate and in some instances write fire insurance much cheaper.

With such companies, several years experience and an expert fire writer in office, your business is solicited.

Otis B. Weaver

Fire Insurance Agent

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

A Kidney Medicine THAT CURES THE KIDNEYS.

Accept no substitute. Insist on having the genuine PRICKLY ASH BITTERS with the large figure 3 in red on the front label

SOLD EVERYWHERE - PRICE \$1.00 PER BOTTLE

LOCAL NEWS

Subscribe for The News.

R. C. Couch went to Sasakwa.
E. L. Steed's baby is right sick.
W. C. Russell returned to Francis after visiting in the city.
Dr. B. H. Erb, surgeon dentist, Henley & Biles building, 233 tf

A. H. Chapman's baby is right sick.

Dr. Bisant, dentist, phone 185 tf 198

Vernon Harris of Konawa is in the city.

See P. K. Smith for up-to-now photo work. 152-tf

John Casteel of Roff spent Sunday in the city.

For fine confectionery and fruits the Elite leads. 26t 244

P. A. Norris made a business trip to Wetumka.

B. Roberts of Kingston, I. T., was registered at the Harris.

The Elite Cafe serves the best short orders in the city. 26t 244

Mrs. W. M. Wilson returned to her home at Francis after spending Sunday with her daughters.

Wedding announcements—the up-to-date kind—at the News office. ti

Mrs. Mary Strange has been quite sick but is reported some better today.

Rev. T. L. Rippey, who had an attack of pleurisy is much improved.

What is left of my household goods will be sold cheap if taken at once. Jo Gill. tf 262

Mrs. Washburn of Oklahoma City spent Saturday with Mrs. C. D. Price.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglass Lassiter and baby have gone to Sulphur Springs, Texas, for a visit.

T. H. McKendree and J. T. Higgins took the train for Sasakwa.

The young ladies of the Hoodie Ta club are preparing to give a fancy dress minstrel the last of the week.

Commissioner Winn and Constable Morris went down to Roff to hold court. There are about twenty-five civil cases on the docket there.

Rev. P. M. Fitzgerald left today for his home at Arlington, Texas. After a week's visit he will begin a revival at Sulphur next Sunday.

The local deputy U. S. Marshals returned to Ardmore Sunday night to be present at the trial of the warrant cases against Ward and Colbert, which were continued last week until today. Marshal Colbert's term of office expired yesterday, but of course he will hold over till his successor is appointed and qualified.

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Speedy Justice.

A rather exciting theft episode occurred early Saturday night. While I. Harris was in his store alone two negroes came in, one named Edgar Sheppard. One of them stalled Mr. Harris off to look at some overalls while Edgar leisurely picked out a \$5 pair of pants and started out the door with them. Mr. Harris, however, had noticed the suspicious movements and commanded Edgar to stop; but he kept going. Mr. H. rushed to the door and gave a lusty alarm, whereupon a large crowd pursued the negro and he was caught about the rear of Haynes' hardware store. The pants were found nearby where he had thrown them. The negro pleaded guilty to the offense the same night before the U. S. commissioner and was fined \$100 and given 30 days in jail. He started to Ardmore yesterday to begin serving out the sentence.

Again We Have Low Rates

To Washington, D. C. and return, account Joint Statehood Delegation, via the Frisco System. The Frisco selected as the official route.

Rate: One fare for round trip. Date: January 25th, 1906.

Limit: 30 days.

From: All stations in Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

Through Cars. For further particulars call on your Frisco Agent or write.

L. C. Farrington, T. P. A., Oklahoma City, Okla.

F. E. Clark, D. P. A., Wichita, Kansas.

Bank Wrecked At Dale

Oklahoma City, Ok., Jan. 21.—Police officers and a force of detectives are scouring this city for the men who blew up the bank of Dale at an early hour this morning and made their escape with \$2,500 in gold.

The robbers were unable to wreck the safe until after four charges of nitro-glycerin had been used.

A Sugar Famine.

It is reported that Ada is in the midst of a sugar famine, the supply having been exhausted Saturday. Two car loads were shipped for Ada about the first of January and are therefore long over due. Another car, however, is expected Tuesday, which will relieve the situation. And when the two belated cars arrive, the town will be there on the long sweetening.

A Courageous Couple.

The storm holds no terrors for lovers headed for the altar. Early Monday morning such a couple braved the blizzard and made their way to the clerk's office, where they obtained license and were promptly united in wedlock by Judge Winn. Their names are: Walter Mooney, aged 23, of McGee, and Kittie Miller, aged 19 of Byards.

Cheap Rates to Denver.

Will sell daily until May 31st round trip tickets to the above point at greatly reduced rates.

Tickets limited to May 31st, except tickets sold during month of May to be limited thirty days.

For full information see Frisco agent or address

L. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.

D. C. Farrington, T. P. A., Oklahoma City, Okla.

F. E. Clark, D. P. A., Wichita, Kansas.

Pleasant and Most Effective

T. J. Chambers, Ed. Vindicator Liberty, Texas, writes Dec. 12, 1902:

"With pleasure and un-solicited by you, I bear testimony to the curative power of Ballard's Horehound Syrup. I have used it in my family and can cheerfully affirm it is the most effective and best remedy for coughs and colds I have ever used." Sold by Clark Drug Store.

Cured Lumbago

A. B. Canman, Chicago, writes March 4, 1903: "Having been troubled with Lumbago, at different times and tried one physician after another, then different ointments and liniments, gave it up altogether. So I tried once more, and got a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment, which gave me almost instant relief. I can cheerfully recommend it, and will add my name to your list of sufferers. Sold by Clark Drug Co.

Out Of.

Pocahontas, Ark., Feb. 17, 1905.

"Ship 3 gross Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever Cure. I have been selling your chill cure for 7 years and find that 24 out of 25 who once use it will have no other." W. H. Skinner, Druggist." Sold by Clark Drug Co.

For Cash ONLY

50-lb U. S. Flour.....\$1.20
50-lb Gilt Edge Flour..... 1.00
Corn per can......5c
White Swan Corn per can.....10c
3 cans Pumpkin......25c
3 cans Blackberries 25c or 6 for.....45c
3 cans Strawberries 25c or 6 for.....45c
3 cans Gooseberries 25c or 6 for.....45c
2 cans Muscat Grapes......25c
2 cans Table Peaches......25c
2 cans Green Gage Plums......25c
20 lb Lima Beans.....\$1.00
1-gal can Scuders Maple Syrup \$1.20
50-lb can Lard.....\$4.00

Will Sell Anything We Have at Cost.

R. S. TOBIN.

Artistic Window Display.

In the east window of the M. L. Walsh store can now be seen a facsimile of the proposed new U. S. Capitol building at Washington D. C. This beautiful structure is made entirely with soap, Royal Cuticle Soap and 20,000 cakes are included in its construction. The view of the building shows the front elevation with its mammoth arch of Triumph and above all the Goddess of Liberty on a chariot of Progress.

The vast hall, surrounded by smaller halls, running through the entire center of the building and reaching to the dome, which is crowned with an American eagle with outstretched pinions are shown with wonderful exactness as well as all the other intricacies of architecture and adornment which distinguishes the beautiful structure.

The reading rooms, offices, bureau of information, etc. are well shown in this display and in a manner which reflects great credit to the M. L. Walsh store.

In height it is fully 10 ft. high and surrounded by artistically American flags, which forms a most beautiful display. Even the waving flags and real grassy lawn are there and in all it makes the finest window display ever shown in Ada or Pontotoc County.

Spoiled Her Beauty.

Harriet Howard, of 209 W. 34, St., New York, at one time had her beauty spoiled with skin trouble. She writes: "I had salt rheum or eczema for years, but nothing would cure it, until I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve." A quick and sure healer for cuts, burns and sores. 25c at Clark Drug Store, and Dr. F. Z. Holley.

Doctors Indorse it

Lang Bros., Druggists, Paducah, Ky., write: "We sell more of Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever Cure than all other remedies combined, having retailed over 700 bottles in one season. Physicians here prescribe it and persons who once use it have no other." Sold by Clark Drug Co.

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DR. THOS. H. GRANGER, D. D. S.,

Manager,
DOSS & GRANGER
Pioneer
Dental
Office
ESTABLISHED 1901.
OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
PHONE 212.

HENRY M. FURMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice.
Office in Duncan Building.

WANTS

FOR SALE:—An old stove, good for another year or two, for \$1.00. Ada News. 2t 261

FOR RENT:—5-room house on 16th street. \$10 per month. H. C. Thompson, over Ada Nat'l Bank. 5t 258

FOR SALE:—Two large fine mules; one nearly new three inch wagon; one set splendid wagon harness, for cash. Apply to Sol Moss. 246-tf

Sickening Shivering Fits

of ague and Malaria, can be relieved and cured with Electric Bitters. This is a pure, tonic medicine; of especial benefit in malaria, for it exerts a true curative influence on the disease, driving it entirely out of the system. It is much to be preferred to quinine, having none of this drug's bad after-effects. E. S. Munday, of Henrietta, Texas, writes: "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice, till he took Electric Bitters, which saved his life. At Clark Drug Co., and Dr. F. Z. Holley. Price 50c, guaranteed.

The Original

Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as a throat and lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar many imitations are offered for the genuine. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered as no other preparation will give the same satisfaction. It contains no opiates and is safest for children and delicate persons. Clark Drug Co. and Mason Drug Co.

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GLADNESS

If living is a joy to you,
Because your soul is sound,
And life seems good and sweet and true
That you have happy found,
Then sing no false and hopeless strain
Of doubting and despair,
But lift your voice all clear and plain
And sing that life is fair!

Sing of its beauty and its worth,
Its bright and sunny skies,
Sing all the loveliness of earth
As seen by happy eyes;
For then the souls despondent born
Shall find them brave and strong,
Their way less gloomy and forlorn,
Because of your glad song!

—Ripley D. Saunders, in St. Louis Republic.

THE STRONGHOLD OF THE BEES

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

It was discovered by Lee Stevens one July afternoon, when he was fishing in Nelson's Creek, which flows through the mountains of West Virginia into the Potomac. From the western side of the creek the mountain rose in a gray fissured bluff, fully sixty feet in height. A dead black-gum tree growing at the margin of the water reached half-way up the face of the bluff, and round the top of this tree Lee observed a great flight of bees. The tree, it appeared, was a "bee-tree."

Lee watched the insects with interest, for he was himself a bee-keeper. In partnership with Fred Armstrong, who lived on the adjoining farm, he was operating an apiary, which had grown from six to twenty colonies, and had already produced a pleasant little bank account.

Lee saw that the nest of bees was not in the tree. It was in the bluff itself, which was brushed by the dead branches. But as he could not see the actual entering place, he took off his coat and began to climb the tree.

He had to go to the very top, but he saw what he wanted. The stronghold of the bees was in a fissure of the rock, with an entrance not four inches in diameter. Below it a projecting ledge made, as it were, a door-step about a foot wide, and this shelf was covered with bees, alighting or crawling about.

It was evidently a very active and populous colony; it might well contain hundreds of pounds of honey and wax. But before Lee could make further observations he was stung on the wrist, and slid hurriedly to the ground.

The next day he brought Armstrong to look at the place. The smallness of the entrance was awkward, for they could neither get at the bees nor take out the combs without breaking them. But the rock was so cracked that it looked as if a piece might be pried off to enlarge the opening, which, Lee thought, could easily be reached from the top of the tree.

Three days later the boys returned to the bluff, equipped with a small, sharp iron bar, an ax, and defensive armor of gauze veils and cotton gloves reaching to the elbow, as well as a bee-smoker loaded with a potent mixture of green tobacco leaves and hickory bark. They did not intend to get the honey on this visit. After enlarging the entrance, it would be better to allow the insects a day or two to grow quiet.

Fred agreed to undertake the work aloft, and he put on his gloves and veil, put the bar in his pocket, and lighted the smoker, which he slung around his neck. Then he went up the tree, while Lee watched from below.

The ledge swarmed with bees. A deep hum came from the dark hole, and the warm fragrance of honey and wax. But he found that Lee had miscalculated the distance between the treecrot and the ledge. The branches would not bear him, and he could not reach the opening. He could not come within three feet of it, and he threw his weight on that side of the tree and tried to sway the trunk a little.

"Be careful! That tree's rotten!" called Lee, from below.

But the trunk had bent forward far enough for Fred to grasp the jagged edge of the granite, and to get one knee upon the ledge.

He clung there against the spring of the tree, holding to the rock with his left hand, while with his right hand he drew the iron bar and began to pry at a crevice beside the aperture.

At the first click of the iron the bees were upon him, coming like tiny arrows against his veil. He unsung the smoker and poured smoke into the hole, checking the attack temporarily.

It was ticklish work, clinging at once to the tree and the ledge, but the fragment of rock gave way under the crowbar. It moved. With a strong effort he dislodged it, and it fell.

It left the opening a trifle larger. A cloud of bees rose like a puff of dense smoke, and almost at the same moment there was a crack! from the dead tree trunk, a yell of dismay from Lee, and the tree snapped off about six feet below the ledge, and went crashing down.

Fred never knew why he did not go with it. He caught instinctively at the granite, dropping smoker and bar, and threw himself forward upon his knee. He found himself sitting on the narrow shelf, with his legs dangling over forty feet of space, and a cloud of desperately infuriated bees round his head.

He glanced at the stump of the tree, measuring the distance. It was too far to reach, too far to jump. The dead branches would snap if he fell

among them. Yet the cliff was too precipitous to be scaled, either above or below him, and the few bushes growing in the crannies were too weak to offer hope.

The air about his face was darkened with the flying insects, and Fred involuntarily quailed before their fury, although he did not think that they could get at him. They settled on the gauze of his veil in scores, in hundreds, till the stuff sagged heavily with their weight and became as opaque as leather, and half a dozen burning stabs on his legs and body showed that they had managed to get under his clothing. Suddenly he felt a sharp thrust on his cheek, then another. He thought the veil must have sagged against the skin, but to his horror he felt bees crawling on his cheek. The thin gauze had ripped, probably in a weak spot, under the weight of the quart or two of bees.

Fred had the misfortune—for a bee-keeper—to be quickly and severely affected by stings, and he could feel his face puffing up already. He closed his eyes tight to protect them as far as possible. The bees were back upon him in myriads, and when they were once under the veil it was impossible to brush them out.

The smell of the bees nauseated the boy, and he grew dizzy and faint. He rallied from this in a moment, but a numb listlessness overcame him. He thought he heard, far away, a noise as of some one chopping wood, and tried to open his eyes. The lids would not close but a crack.

He realized vaguely that he was in danger of fainting and toppling from his narrow perch, but he felt as if he did not much care. There might be worse things than to fall gently, softly through the cool air, and be free from his buzzing tormentors. He was seized by a strong temptation to let himself slip over. It would be so easy! He seemed to hear a voice above the whirl and roar of the wings.

"Jump!" it repeated. "Jump, Jump!"

He resisted the prompting as long as he was able; he did not know how long. Then, suddenly yielding, he put his hands on the rock beside him and swung off.

Smash! He went almost immediately into crackling branches. The shock brought him to himself. The branches broke as he grasped them, but there was something more solid under him. It was a tree trunk. He grasped it, and slid down blindly, losing most of the clinging bees in the descent, till his feet touched solid ground, and he felt an arm thrown round his shoulder. "I was calling to you for ten minutes to jump!" exclaimed Lee. "I thought you'd be stung to death."

With admirable resource Lee had felled the tree so that it leaned against the bluff directly beneath Fred's perch. He could not have missed it in jumping.

Fred lay on the grass for the rest of the afternoon, with his face painted with wet mud. At sunset he was able to walk the three miles to his home, although weakly, and with a countenance swollen out of human semblance. The swelling abated in a day or two, however, and did no permanent harm; but for more than a month the odor of bees or wax produced such a violent nausea that he was unable to do his share of the work of the joint apiary.

The wild bees still dwell and prosper in the rocks. As the tree is broken off, their stronghold is more inaccessible than ever. —Youth's Companion.

His Niggardliness.

"I sholy hates, bruddren and sistahs, to publicly stigmatize any membah ob dis congregation by name," grinsly remarked good old Parson Woolmon, during a recent sermon, fixing a basilisk glare on a certain miserly and unproductive person before him. "Time after a time, when de contribution box hab circummambulated around, de brudder under specification ain't flung in nary cent, but dess sot and sot and soaked up de sermint, and neber said 'boo' about payin' his predestined proparty. Dar comes a time, muh friends, when procrastination done ceases to be virtuous, and I is now gwine to ax dat disilberal and reluctant pusson why'n't he reorganize his 'sponsibilities and retaliate wid a 'casional nickle or a little 'sothin' dat-a-way. Don't you know, Brudder Slewfoot—I's gwine dat yo' am due and elected to lend to de Lawd? Don't you?"

"I knows all dat, and mo', too," doggedly replied the economical Mr. Slewfoot. "I knows dat, all right enough, and I stands ready and willin' to lend de Lawd. When de Lawd comes atter de money I's er-gwine to fork ober; but I sho' proclaim in a high, clear voice dat I ain't gwine to hand it out to no body else!" —Tom Watson's Magazine.

Knew Her Weakness.

It was the sweet scent of the lilies in the conservatory, or the beauty of the young girl's gilt hair, at any rate, after the two-step, as they rested in the shadow beneath a palm, he proposed to the debutante in white.

"It cannot be," she said. "I am unworthy of you."

"Oh, rubbish!" said he.

"It is true, it is too true." And she sighed.

"You are an angel," he said, ardently.

"No, no; you are wrong," said the young girl. "I am vain, idle, silly, utterly unfit to be your helpmate through life."

He laughed lightly. He said in a soothing voice:

"Why, this is sheer madness. What sort of a wife do you think I ought to have?"

"A very wise, deliberate, practical woman," she replied; "one able to live on your small salary." —Philadelphia Telegraph.

How the American Spy Stole Great Britain's Naval Signal Code.

HERE was a good deal of bitterness between England and the Northern States at this time, and the Government at Washington was deeply interested in the despatches forwarded by the British Minister to his home Government. It was known that England was friendly to the Confederacy and willing to aid it secretly, if not by open recognition. Under such conditions, it became necessary to know as much as possible of what was passing to and fro between Washington and London in the form of cryptograms; and while most of this matter went by messenger or mail to New York, there were many cipher telegrams sent at the last moment to catch the outgoing steamer, there being no ocean cable at that time. At the telegraph office all such messages were subjected to examination and copies of them were made. After a brief conversation with Secretary Welles, the old gentleman brought out one of these cipher copies, and placing it in my hands said:

"Mr. Osborn, you have a way of finding out secrets. Do you think you can solve that? If you can, it will be worth five thousand dollars to you."

I did not know even the nature of the paper at the time, but I saw that it was a cipher made up partly of words and partly of a combination of numerals, usually in groups of four figures. Something about it suggested to me a naval signal book, and the thought occurred that perhaps if we had a copy of that used by British service we might unravel the mystery. I studied the paper for some time, and the more I considered the matter the more certain I became that the British naval signal book would furnish the key. I finally informed Mr. Welles that I believed I could work the matter out, but that I would need several days' leave from my paper and perfect copies of the ciphers. The former I obtained without difficulty, and the latter were promptly supplied. With them in an inner pocket, I left that night for Boston, where a British man-of-war was lying. It was my purpose to secure her signal book at whatever hazard and by whatever means, for in such cases the old adage of "All is fair in love and war" holds true.

What I had undertaken to do was a risky business. The two nations were at peace, outwardly at least, and if my attempt were detected I could expect neither mercy from one side nor succor from the other. I think, however, I gave this phase of the matter but slight consideration. My chief thought was of the signal book, and how to get it.

Arriving at Boston, I promptly used my naval acquaintance to get introductions to the officers of her majesty's service, and by a diplomatic course of winning and dining presently made myself a welcome visitor on her majesty's vessel. Indeed, I soon became a favorite with all on board, especially with the signal officer, to whom I told my best yarns, often inviting him to a dinner ashore to hear them. Of course, this resulted in return invitations, and sometimes it happened that when I wished to brush my hair or otherwise attend to my toilet I was invited to make use of his room for that purpose.

It was but a brief time before I had located the coveted signal book—a tidily bound volume with leaden plates riveted to the corners, so that in event of capture it could be readily dropped overboard and lost. The whole was encased in a canvas bag, suspended by a shoulder-strap. During my next visit I had sufficient opportunity to examine the book for a few minutes, and found to my delight that it did, in reality, furnish the key I wanted. I had memorized a few of the cryptographic words, and with the book before me and the signal officer at muster on deck I verified my conclusions. The next thing in order was to secure this priceless volume. I reasoned that as there were no other English vessels nearby, it might be weeks before the book would be needed, and that if I could remove the contents from the covers, substituting them with leaves of the same bulk and appearance, there would be a good chance not only to get safely clear of the vessel, but for a considerable period to elapse before the loss was discovered, by which time it would be by no means certain when the abstraction had occurred.

I therefore took careful measurements, and the next time I boarded the ship my dummy book was with me—a copy of Ray's Arithmetic, if I remember correctly, picked up on a second-hand stall. That was a foggy night, and I lingered late. When I mentioned going ashore, my friend, the signal officer, protested, and offered me the use of his room. I had hardly dared hope for this stroke of fortune.

I had plenty of time that night to do the job in a neat and workmanlike manner. I was really proud of the resemblance the Ray's Arithmetic bore to the signal book when it was properly in its neat covers and riveted leaden plates. Then, after carefully adjusting my prize to its new dress, I lay down and slept the sleep that comes of well-doing and a clear conscience.

I did not hurry away next morning—that would not do. I even lingered a little, and finally bade them all good-by, with a good deal of regret I must own, for they were jolly fellows.

Arriving on shore, I lost no time in getting a train for the Capital, and once aboard the strain told on me, for I had been keyed to a pretty high pitch during those days in Boston, and I dozed and slept most of the day and all that night without a break.

But I was at the Department next morning, bright and early, and when the Secretary had glanced over his mail he sent for me to come to his private office.

"Well, Mr. Osborn," he said, "you have made a long stay. Have you been able to read those telegrams yet?" I drew up a chair beside him, and pulling out a cipher of over one hundred and fifty words, read to him a well-connected, perfectly intelligible, highly interesting and important communication from the British Minister to the Home Secretary. —Pearson's Magazine.

WAYS OF GREAT MEN

How Some Celebrities Ate, Slept, Worked and Played.

Lives of great men usually remind us that we cannot make our lives sublime by following their rules about diet, drink, work and sleep. Gladstone's rule about chewing his food with many bites before swallowing it, was excellent sense, a good rule for every one. But Thomas Edison, being interviewed the other day about his habits, advocated more work as a cure for overwork and little food and not much sleep as highly beneficial. "Digestion easily becomes a tax on vitality, and remarkable benefits sometimes come from cutting down the rations of an ailing person. Moreover, a change of employment is restful. But the faculty will hardly back Mr. Edison in advocating less sleep for the majority of mankind, or in prescribing harder work as a cure for overwork. Mark Twain confesses that he has lately cured himself of indigestion by substituting three or four frugal meals a day for one big one. Think of this keeping up, and so well up, these many years on one meal a day! When you run the very small eaters to earth you usually find that they are pretty steady and generous consumers of tobacco. Mr. Edison smokes. Mr. Horace Fletcher, the English prophet of little to eat and chew it very fine, is a fairly constant smoker. Mark Twain is not conscious of taking any exercise, and when he has something important to do, he stays abed until it is done. Any beginner who followed his regimen of Mr. Edison's would come punctually to grief. The truth is a seasoned mind-worker of mature years is apt to be one of the toughest things that nature's laboratory produces. He is apt to be in considerable measure poison-proof; at least he has learned, usually, what he can do, and what he cannot do, with alcohol, tobacco, coffee and tea. And he has usually learned not to burden his body with an unnecessary amount of food, or else his habits of digestion are so perfected that nothing jolts them. An average first-flight football player is a baby in the important kinds of hardness compared with a thoroughly seasoned lawyer or writer. —Harper's Weekly.

She Was Not to Be Fooled.

Jim Matthews, who sells shoes all over the West for a Cincinnati house, was at the Brown Palace Monday. During the evening Matthews and another shoe salesman were talking "shop" near the desk in the lobby. "Say," said Clerk Churchill to them, "I want to ask you fellows something. How about this claim you often hear, that women always want to wear shoes a size or two too small for them? Do shoe clerks have to fool them?"

"Sometimes they do," replied Matthews, "but not nearly so much as the newspaper humorists would have you believe. I shall never forget a time that I was waiting on a woman in Kansas City when I was a shoe clerk. She was elegantly dressed and very stylish. Her foot called for a No. 4 shoe. I figured that she would have to be fooled, so I got a No. 4 and said: 'Madam, here's a No. 2. I think it is exactly what you wear.'"

"Did it please her?" asked Churchill. "Please her! I should say not," replied the shoe salesman. "She got up and picked up dew bundles. 'Young man,' she said, 'you are simply a liar. My foot needs a No. 4. I didn't come in here to be fooled or lied to.' Then she waltzed out. The proprietor, who had been standing near, was serious for a moment. Then he smiled. 'Well, Jim,' he said, 'she called the turn on you, anyway. You do tell some awfully big ones.' —Denver Post.

The African Drum.

The African drum appears in varied and often picturesque forms. The natives make drums out of shells, tree trunks, or earthenware, covered with the skin of some wild animal, or sometimes with India rubber. Of the original calabash drums there is probably only one specimen in Europe. Some of the drums are highly ornamented, either by painting or carving. One specimen, indeed, has puzzled travelers, for there is depicted on it unmistakably a cross, and also a head of European type. A drum found in Upper Lualaba has a unique peculiarity in the way of a "sympathetic chord," formed by means of a small tube, ingeniously inserted in the side of the instrument, which causes, when the drum is beaten, a vibration resembling that of the reed pipe. —Southern Workman.

Words.

Noah Webster gazed at his completed dictionary with alarm. "I hope," he said, "there will be words enough in it to describe the President's attitude on the railroad-rate question."

Still doubting he went to sleep in his Amherst home. —New York World.

HE HAD IMPROVED

How an Old Lady Invalid Became Encouraged.

Health resorts always attract not only those persons who are really suffering from some ill, but also many of those who are given to extraordinary and unfounded fancies of the evil state of their bodies. At a Michigan hotel noted for its baths for the cure of rheumatism came a woman from New York, who at once made the acquaintance of every person apparently for the sole purpose of telling them her imaginary ailments, hearing them tell about their own, and discussing at great length the curative qualities of the springs.

She made a particular victim of an old gentleman, who, being of a somewhat retiring, silent temperament, was extremely annoyed by her questions and her often repeated tales of woe.

Finally, one morning, when he was taking a sun-bath on the piazza, surrounded by a few congenial acquaintances, the woman approached, inflicted upon him a renewal of her tiresome conversation, and exhausted his patience. His opportunity for revenge came quickly.

"Mr. Ladd," said she, settling weakly into a chair, "we have had so many pleasant discussions about our sufferings—and yet not half so pleasant as they might have been, because I've been so frightfully lashed with these terrible pains. Why, I looked in the glass this morning, and you have no idea how pale I was! I scarcely knew myself! But what I wanted to ask you was this: What do you think of these baths? Have you any faith in them? And this climate, particularly, and this air?"

"Madam," replied the old man, "I cannot speak so surely about the baths, but there is no doubt about the climate and the air. I can truthfully say I feel at home here. Why, when I first came here I weighed less than I do now by more than fifty pounds."

"Just think of it!" she exclaimed. "I could hardly raise an arm above my head. I could not speak an intelligible word. I never left my bed without being lifted out of it by strong arms, and my hands were so useless that I could not pick up a knife and fork. Most of my days I spent half-conscious or asleep upon my back, and I did not take any interest in the conversation of my nurse—for, of course, it was necessary to have a nurse."

"You can see that now I have quite a little hair. When I came to this town there was not a spear of it on my head. I needed attention night and day. I was so weak and helpless that a child of four years of age might have choked me to death without its being in my power to resist. That was when I first came here."

"Gracious!" cried the woman, excitedly. "You give me so much hope! How long have you been here? When did you first come?"

"Madam," answered the old man, solemnly, "I was born here." —Youth's Companion.

The Effect of Weeping.

"I am forty years of age," said a lively talking man, "and never to my recollection have I shed a tear. Of course, as a child I must have done my share of crying, but the impressions or effects of that I do not now recall. I have seen many people, men and women, cry, and I would like to know what is the effect of weeping upon the weeper. I might have asked some of those I have seen weep, I suppose, but delicacy has always forbidden it."

"I know that it is said if those in deep grief can weep they will not suffer so much, and it is this physical result I want defined. I remember in my dreams to have wept over sorrows, and the feeling was that of forgetfulness of my trouble. I mean by that, that while the tears came and the frame was shaken by sobs, there seemed to be a temporary absence in the mind of the cause of the weeping. Is that the explanation? Some have told me rather vaguely that possibly that was the explanation, but they would not say so definitely."

"Some have said they didn't know why they wept; they simply wept and felt better for it. As a rule I believe the effect is said to be rather mental or spiritual than physical or material, and I am inclined to dispute this explanation. If anybody here can tell me what I want to know I'll be obliged."

This started a discussion, but at the end of it the man didn't seem to know any more than when he asked his first question. —New York Press.

Sentiment in Watercress.

"I really believe," said the diner out, "that the reason people in this city are so fond of watercress is that it brings a mental 'Old Homestead' play on the dinner table. I have seen people in New York eat watercress avidously who, to my certain knowledge, would not take the trouble to walk down to the brook and gather it in their native village. Just start a watercress conversation the next time any comes on the table and see what happens. All you have got to do is to say, 'When I was a boy I used to gather watercress out of a brook which ran right through the farm.' If you want to be very artificial say 'place,' instead of farm."

"Vast quantities of watercress are consumed by people living in New York and the supplying of it is a profitable industry. And if it were not for the sentiment precious little of it would be eaten. But, somehow, nothing does bring the country like a dish of watercress in a crowded city. Of course, we seldom ate the cress in our childhood. We preferred dandelions—boiled with pork. But the watercress whispers so alluringly of the brook and the spring that in the city it is a treat to us from the farm. No other vegetable, or herb, or whatever you may please to call it, has quite the home bringing qualities of watercress." —New York Press.

LINCOLN THE ATHLETE

How the Youth's Bodily Vigor Stood Him in Good Stead.

Young Lincoln's bodily vigor stood him in good stead in many ways. In frontier life strength and athletic skill served as well for popular amusement as for prosaic toil, and at times, indeed, they were needed for personal defense. Every community had its champion wrestler, a man of considerable local importance, in whose success the neighbors took a becoming interest. There was, not far from New Salem, a settlement called Clary's Grove, where lived a set of restless, rollicking young backwoodsmen with a strong liking for frontier athletics and rough practical jokes. Jack Armstrong was the leader of these, and until Lincoln's arrival had been the champion wrestler of both Clary's Grove and New Salem. He and his friends had not the slightest personal grudge against Lincoln; but hearing the neighborhood talk about the newcomer, and especially Offut's extravagant praise of his clerk, who, according to Offut's statement, knew more than any one else in the United States, and could beat the whole country at running, jumping or "wrestling," they decided that the time had come to assert themselves, and strove to bring about a trial of strength between Armstrong and Lincoln. Lincoln, who disapproved of all this "wooding and pulling," as he called it, and had no desire to come to blows with his neighbors, put off the encounter as long as possible. At length even his good temper was powerless to avert it, and the wrestling match took place. Jack Armstrong soon found that he had tackled a man as strong and skillful as himself; and his friends, seeing him likely to get the worst of it, swarmed to his assistance, almost succeeding, by tripping and kicking, in getting Lincoln down. At the unfairness of this Lincoln became suddenly and furiously angry, put forth his entire strength, lifted the pride of Clary's Grove in his arms like a child, and holding him high in the air, almost choked the life out of him. It seemed for a moment as though a general fight must follow; but even while Lincoln's fierce rage compelled their respect, his quickly returning self-control won their admiration, and the crisis was safely passed. Instead of becoming enemies and leaders in a neighborhood feud, as might have been expected, the two grew to be warm friends, the affection thus strangely begun lasting through life. They proved useful to each other in various ways, and years afterward Lincoln made ample amends for his rough treatment of the other's throat by saving the neck of Jack Armstrong's son from the halter in a memorable trial for murder. The Clary's Grove "boys" voted Lincoln "the cleverest fellow that had ever broke into the settlement," and thereafter took as much pride in his peaceableness and book-learning as they did in the rougher and more questionable accomplishments of their disgruntled leader. —From Helen Nicolay's "The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln," in St. Nicholas.

WISE WORDS.

Our purposes are often the results of God's plans.

Wise men never hesitate to look in lowly places.

Heralds of greatest events have been amongst the lowly.

You can keep thoughts out, but you cannot keep them in.

Friendship which must be bought is never worth the price it costs.

Wisdom is the natural ally of virtue; ignorance is the natural ally of vice.

Nothing could be more unprofitable than a life absorbed in profit-making.

Every time you stifle a good impulse you make it harder to start the next one.

It's a good deal easier to regulate this world than it is to set your own house straight.

The guardian angel of life sometimes flies so high that we cannot see it—but he is never too far away to see us, and will at the proper time be over us.

Delicate Compliments.

Many delicate compliments have been paid the fair sex by men subtle in speech, but here is one straight from the heart of an illiterate negro that is difficult to excel. It is recalled by the Rev. C. P. Smith, of Kansas City, in telling the story of a marriage fee.

"When I was preaching at Walla Walla, Wash.," he said, "there was no negro preacher in town, and I was often called upon to perform a ceremony between negroes. — One afternoon, after I had married a young negro couple, the groom asked the price of the service.

"Oh, well," said I, "you can pay me whatever you think it is worth to you."

"The negro turned and silently looked his bride over from head to foot, then slowly rolling up the whites of his eyes to me, said: 'Lawd, sah, you has done ruined me for life; you has, for sure.' — Chicago Inter-Ocean.

His Beautiful Faith.

John, Jr., five, was promised he could go to the circus.

His mother, thinking he would become frightened at the elephants and other animals, told him he would have to be brave and manly and not be afraid of anything he would see.

Friday night (he was to go Saturday) as he finished saying his nightly prayers, he raised his voice and with a most beautiful faith and confidence and all the earnestness his five years could command he said:

"O God, make me good, brave, strong and manly for the circus." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

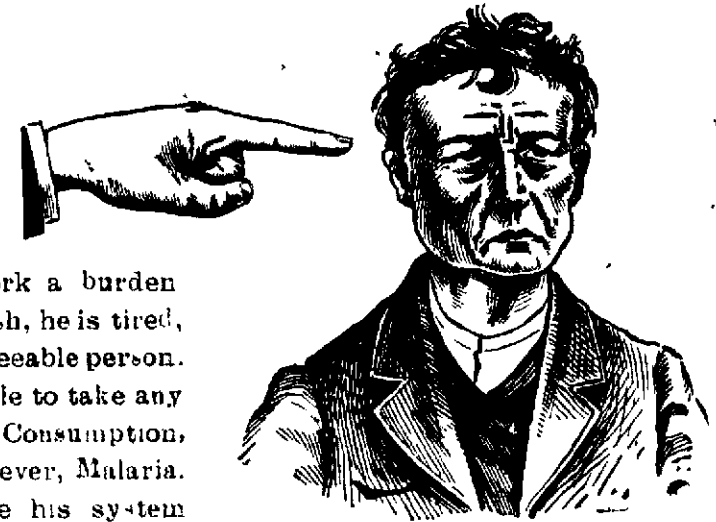
German pig iron production in October passed, for the first time, the million ton mark.

DO YOU FEEL LIKE THIS?

Here is a victim of neglect.

Bad digestion was the starting point. He ignored the warnings sent up by an overloaded and suffering stomach, hence the disorder spread until it has seriously weakened the entire digestive apparatus, involving the kidneys, liver and bowels. It is the beginning of a sick spell.

A person in this state of health finds work a burden. Strength and energy are gone, he can't eat with relish, he is tired, cross, nervous and dull—a truly useless and disagreeable person. The worst part about it is that such a person is liable to take any dangerous disease that may be about. Pneumonia, Consumption, Bright's Disease, Cholera, Typhoid or Yellow Fever, Malaria. Small Pox would find him an easy mark because his system is weakened by impurities which are poisoning his very life blood. In this condition a powerful system cleanser and regulator is urgently needed, and for such purpose what more effective remedy can be found than the justly celebrated



Prickly Ash Bitters

A Remedy that Has Proved Its Value For Kidney, Liver and Bowel Disorders in a Brilliant Record of Cures Performed.

It is the right medicine for such purpose, the greatest tonic, blood purifier, system cleanser and regulator. It combines the fine tonic properties of a kidney medicine, stomach, liver and blood purifier with a genial regulating influence in the bowels. It will gently cleanse the vital organs to a better and more complete performance of their duties, give them strength and energy, restore healthy activity throughout the body. When the system has been cleared of obstructions and the kidneys resume fully their office of purifying the blood, the general condition takes an upward turn. Appetite and digestion are improved, the eyes are brighter, the hollow cheeks fill out, the complexion loses that sallow, muddy cast, giving place to a clear skin and ruddy glow. These are the signs of returning health and they bring that thrill and joy of living and interest in life's duties that only a perfect health can give.

Some dealers will try to sell you something when they say it is just as good as PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. DON'T TAKE IT. Get the genuine with the large figure 3 on the front label. It will give you the results you desire. Put up in 16 ounce bottles. Price 1.00.

Sold by all Druggists.



SICK HALF THE TIME.

In diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs men and women strong, hearty and vigorous are soon reduced to comparative helplessness at times they are able to get about and do odd jobs, at others prostrated completely. This was the experience of thousands of persons who owe their present good health to the great healing effect of PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. Why endure all this distress when a remedy that has proved its power and effectiveness in such ailments can be so easily obtained. PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is a kidney tonic, liver and stomach stimulant and bowels purifier. It combats, therefore, all excesses, cleanses and restores influence uniformly in every part of the body. For the weakening irregularities peculiar to women PRICKLY ASH BITTERS has obtained the very highest order of merit. It corrects stomach and bowels disorders in children.

ADA EVENING NEWS.

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

OTIS B. WEAVER PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, BUSINESS MANAGER

Entered as Second Class Matter March 2nd, 1904, at the Postoffice at Ada, Indian Territory, under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertisements for a sheet on application.

Revival Meeting Closed

The cooperative revival meeting conducted by Rev. P. M. Fitzgerald of Arlington, Texas, and Rev. W. A. Brown of Ardmore, Pa., closed last night. The first week it was held in the Presbyterian Church and the last two weeks in the Baptist Church. The cooperation of the various churches was something beautiful.

There were about 32 professions, nearly all of whom gave their names for membership in some church. But probably the most good done was to the church people. Nearly all the sinners were directed to the church, and many have determined to live a better life. The sermons have been logical and eloquent, and thoroughly Biblical. The preacher has a good voice, pleasing personality and uses almost faultless English. The singing has been good. The solos and fine choruses have been

an inspiration to all. The evangelists go from here to Sulphur, I. T., where they begin next Sunday.

Two to Ardmore

The officers took two prisoners to Ardmore Sunday night. One was a negro named Chas. Cochran, who was fined \$50 at last term of court for a disturbance and given time to pay it. Not having come through with the price he was retaken in custody under a capias.

The other party was Cots Wilson, who was arrested in bed near Bebe Sunday morning by Officer Brents. He was indicted last term for a disturbance but has eluded the officers for some time.

WANTED—Men in each state to travel, post signs, advertise and leave samples of our goods. Salary \$75.00 per month, \$3.00 per day for expenses. Kuhlman Co., Dept. S. Atlas Block, Chicago.

Another Good Man Gone Wrong

He neglected to take Foley's Kidney Cure at the first signs of kidney trouble, hoping it would go away and he was soon a victim of Bright's disease. There is danger in delay, but if Foley's Kidney Cure is taken at once the symptoms will disappear, the kidneys are strengthened and you are soon sound and well. A. R. Ross of Morgantown, Ind., had to get up ten or twelve times in the night and had a severe backache and pain in the kidneys and was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure.

Rev. Carlisle P. B. Martin, L. L. D.

Of Waverly, Texas, writes: "On a morning, when first arising I often had a troublesome collection of phlegm which produces a cough and is very hard to dislodge, but a small quantity of Ballard's Horehound Syrup will at once dislodge it, and the trouble is over. I know of no medicine that is equal to it, and it is so pleasant to take. I can most cordially recommend it to all persons needing a medicine for throat or lung trouble." Sold by Clark Drug Co.

"Here lies mine babe, as dead as nits. Whom Gott has kilt mit ager fits. He would not let him live mit me. So took him up to live mit He." The child would have lived had he been given Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever Cure. Sold by Clark Drug Co.



TIME CARD.

Ada, Ind. Ter.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.
No. 510 Meteor, 1:45 p. m.
No. 512 Eastern Exp., 9:45 a. m.
No. 542 Local Freight, 3:45 p. m.
WEST BOUND TRAINS.
No. 509 Meteor, 9:00 a. m.
No. 511 Texas Pass, 9:05 p. m.
No. 541 Local Freight, 7:45 a. m.
Local freight trains carry passengers provided with permits. Ten per cent saved on the purchase of round trip tickets.
I. McNair, Agent

Excursions to Florida and Cuba.

Will sell daily until April 30th, 1906, low rate round trip tickets from all stations to certain points in Florida and Cuba, also to certain points in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina. Return limit, June 1st, 1906. Through sleepers and Fred Harvey meals.

Let us furnish you rates, schedules, descriptive literature and other information.

I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.
F. E. Clark, D. P. A.,
Wichita, Kansas.



TIME OF TRAINS

ADA, I. T.

THE RIGHT TRAINS BETWEEN
St. Louis, Hannibal, Kansas City, Junction City, Oklahoma City, In the North,
Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, San Antonio, Galveston, in Texas,
and all points beyond.

NORTH BOUND.
No. 112 Express, daily, 4:05 p. m.
No. 564 Local, except Sunday, 11:53 a. m.
SOUTH BOUND.
No. 111 Express, daily, 11:53 a. m.
No. 563 Local, except Sunday, 2:16 p. m.

Annual Convention Retail Hardware and Implement Dealers Association of Texas, Dallas, Texas, January 23 to 25, 1906. For this occasion the Frisco will sell tickets at \$6.80 for the round trip. Tickets on sale Jan. 22, 23 and 24, limit for return Jan. 27th, 1906.
I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.

To Aid the Southwest

Have you seen the new magazine, *Southwest*? It is published in St. Louis (formerly the Frisco Magazine). It is published by a Southwest man, contains stories of the Southwest and articles of interest to Southwest people, contributed by Southwest writers. It circulates in the Southwest, and contains the advertisements of Southwest firms. It will aid the Southwest in all her aims—for more people, for more factories, for advantageous legislation—for investment, immigration and irrigation.

Aid the work and benefit yourself by subscribing. Send 50c. for a year, 25c. for six months, or a postal for a sample copy FREE.

We also answer free of charge, inquiries from persons interested in settling or investing in the Southwest and furnish advertising rates on application. Address

Southwest, 1021 Frisco Building, St. Louis

Otis B. Weaver

Fire Insurance Agent

Represents several old line companies with practically unlimited capital, all of whom will positively meet any rate and in some instances write fire insurance much cheaper.

With such companies, several years experience and an expert fire writer in office, your business is solicited.

Otis B. Weaver

Fire Insurance Agent

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

A Kidney Medicine THAT CURES THE KIDNEYS.

Accept no substitute. Insist on having the genuine PRICKLY ASH BITTERS with the large figure 3 in red on the front label.

SOLD EVERYWHERE - PRICE \$1.00

LOCAL NEWS

Subscribe for The News.

R. C. Couch went to Sasakwa.
E. L. Steed's baby is right sick.
W. C. Russell returned to Francis after visiting in the city.
Dr. B. H. Erb, surgeon dentist, Henley & Biles building, 283 tf
A. H. Chapman's baby is right sick.

Dr. Bisant, dentist, phone 195 tf 198

Vernon Harris of Konawa is in the city.

See P. K. Smith for up-to-now photo work. 152-tf

John Casteel of Roff spent Sunday in the city.

For fine confectionery and fruits the Elite leads. 26t 244

P. A. Norris made a business trip to Wetumka.

B. Roberts of Kingston, I. T., was registered at the Harris.

The Elite Cafe serves the best short orders in the city. 26t 244

Mrs. W. M. Wilson returned to her home at Francis after spending Sunday with her daughters.

Wedding announcements—the up-to-date kind—at the News office. ti

Mrs. Mary Strange has been quite sick but is reported some better today.

Rev. T. L. Rippey, who had an attack of pleurisy is much improved.

What is left of my household goods will be sold cheap if taken at once. Jo Gill. tf 262

Mrs. Washburn of Oklahoma City spent Saturday with Mrs. C. D. Price.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglass Lassiter and baby have gone to Sulphur Springs, Texas, for a visit.

T. H. McKendree and J. T. Higgins took the train for Sasakwa.

The young ladies of the Hoodie Ta club are preparing to give a fancy dress minstrel the last of the week.

Commissioner Winn and Constable Morris went down to Roff to hold court. There are about twenty-five civil cases on the docket there.

Rev. P. M. Fitzgerald left today for his home at Arlington, Texas. After a week's visit he will begin a revival at Sulphur next Sunday.

The local deputy U. S. Marshall returned to Ardmore Sunday night to be present at the trial of the warrant cases against Ward and Colbert, which were continued last week until today. Marshal Colbert's term of office expired yesterday, but of course he will hold over till his successor is appointed and qualified.

Removal Notice.

From Broadway to Main Street Mosman Undertaking Co. are comfortably located three doors west of Noland Drug Store. We will endeavor to run a first class exclusive undertaker business.

Mosman Undertaker Co., Gate City Mutual Burial Association in connection. It 262

Attention Carpenters.

All members of Local Union No. 1752 are earnestly requested to meet at Labor Hall Wednesday night, Jan. 24, 1906. Business of importance demands your attention.

Come, regardless of your standing. And all others who are in favor of United Brotherhood, come. 4t 260

N. T. Tucker, F. S.

- Make Good -

Resolutions

For the New Year.

RESOLVE to give your feet all the comfort possible.

Keep this resolution by buying your shoes from

Chapman

The Shoeman

Speedy Justice.

A rather exciting theft episode occurred early Saturday night. While I. Harris was in his store alone two negroes came in, one named Edgar Sheppard. One of them stalled Mr. Harris off to look at some overalls while Edgar leisurely picked out a \$5 pair of pants and started out the door with them. Mr. Harris, however, had noticed the suspicious movements and commanded Edgar to stop; but he kept going. Mr. H. rushed to the door and gave a lusty alarm, whereupon a large crowd pursued the negro and he was caught about the rear of Haynes' hardware store. The pants were found nearby where he had thrown them. The negro pleaded guilty to the offense the same night before the U. S. commissioner and was fined \$100 and given 30 days in jail. He started to Ardmore yesterday to begin serving out the sentence.

Again We Have Low Rates

To Washington, D. C. and return, account Joint Statehood Delegation, via the Frisco System. The Frisco selected as the official route.

Rate One fare for round trip. Date: January 25th, 1906.

Limit: 30 days.

From: All stations in Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

Through Cars. For further particulars call on your Frisco Agent or write,

L. C. Farrington, T. P. A., Oklahoma City, Okla.

F. E. Clark, D. P. A., Wichita, Kansas.

Bank Wrecked At Dale

Oklahoma City, Ok., Jan. 21 — Police officers and a force of detectives are scouring this city for the men who blew up the bank of Dale at an early hour this morning and made their escape with \$2,500 in gold.

The robbers were unable to wreck the safe until after four charges of nitro-glycerin had been used.

A Sugar Famine.

It is reported that Ada is in the midst of a sugar famine, the supply having been exhausted Saturday. Two car loads were shipped for Ada about the first of January and are therefore long overdue. Another car, however, is expected Tuesday, which will relieve the situation. And when the two belated cars arrive, the town will be there on the long sweetening.

A Courageous Couple

The storm clouds no terrors for lovers headed for the altar. Early Monday morning such a couple braved the blizzard and made their way to the clerk's office, where they obtained license and were promptly united in wedlock by Judge Winn. Their names are Walter Mooney, aged 23, of McGee, and Kittie Miller aged 19 of Bvards.

Cheap Rates to Denver

Will sell daily until May 31st round trip tickets to the above point at greatly reduced rates.

Tickets limited to May 31st, except tickets sold during month of May to be limited thirty days.

For full information see Frisco agent or address

I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.

D. C. Farrington, T. P. A., Oklahoma City, Okla.

F. E. Clark, D. P. A., Wichita, Kansas.

Pleasant and Most Effective

T. J. Chambers, Ed. Vindicator Liberty, Texas, writes: Dec. 125, 1902

"With pleasure and unsolicited by you, I bear testimony to the curative power of Ballard's Horehound Syrup. I have used it in my family and can cheerfully affirm it is the most effective and best remedy for coughs and colds I have ever used." Sold by Clark Drug Store.

Cured Lumbago

A. B. Canman, Chicago, writes March 4, 1903: "Having been troubled with Lumbago, at different times and tried one physician after another, then different ointments and liniments, gave it up altogether. So I tried once more, and got a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment, which gave me almost instant relief. I can cheerfully recommend it, and will add my name to your list of sufferers. Sold by Clark Drug Co.

Out Of

Pocahontas, Ark., Feb. 17, 1905. "Ship 3 gross Dr. Menzies' Chill and Fever Cure. I have been selling your chill cure for 7 years and find that 24 out of 25 who once use it will have no other. W. H. Skinner, Druggist." Sold by Clark Drug Co.

For Cash ONLY

50-lb U. S. Flour.....	\$1.20
50-lb Gilt Edge Flour.....	1.00
Corn per can.....	.50
White Swan Corn per can.....	1.00
3 cans Pumpkin.....	.25c
3 cans Blackberries 25c or 6 for.....	.45c
3 cans Strawberries 25c or 6 for.....	.45c
3 cans Gooseberries 25c or 6 for.....	.45c
2 cans Muscat Grapes.....	.35c
2 cans Table Peaches.....	.25c
2 cans Green Gage Plums.....	.35c
30 lb Lima Beans.....	\$1.00
1-gal can Scuders Maple Syrup.....	\$1.20
50-lb can Lard.....	\$4.00

Will Sell Anything We Have at Cost.

R. S. TOBIN.

Artistic Window Display.

In the east window of the M. L. Walsh store can now be seen a facsimile of the proposed new U. S. Capitol building at Washington D. C. This beautiful structure is made entirely with soap. Royal Cuticle Soap and 20,000 cakes are included in its construction. The view of the building shows the front elevation with its mammoth arch of Triumph and above all the Goddess of Liberty on a chariot of Progress.

The vast hall, surrounded by smaller halls, running through the entire center of the building and reaching to the dome, which is crowned with an American eagle with outstretched pinions are shown with wonderful exactness as well as all the other intricacies of architecture and adornment which distinguishes the beautiful structure.

The reading rooms, offices, bureau of information, etc are well shown in this display and in a manner which reflects great credit to the M. L. Walsh store.

In height it is fully 10 ft. high and surrounded by artistically American flags, which form a most beautiful display. Even the waving flags and real grassy lawn are there and in all it makes the finest window display ever shown in Ada or Pontotoc County.

Spoiled Her Beauty.

Hazel Howard, of 209 W. 34, St., New York, at one time had her beauty spoiled with skin trouble. She writes: "I had salt rheum or eczema for years, but nothing would cure it, until I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve." A quick and sure healer for cuts, burns and sores. 25c at Clark Drug Store, and Dr. F. Z. Holley.

Doctors Indorse it

Lang Bros., Druggists, Paducah, Ky., write: "We sell more of Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever Cure than all other remedies combined, having retailed over 700 bottles in one season. Physicians here prescribe it and persons who once use it have no other." Sold by Clark Drug Co.

Great Bargains in REALESTATE

I have the following bargains in real estate which if taken in the next 30 days will be sold at reduced prices:

IMPROVED PROPERTY.
Four 25-foot lots on East Main St. One lot and building known as the mayor's office.

VACANT PROPERTY.
Two 50-foot lots on West Main St. 10-acre block adjoining Ada, with new 5-room house and outbuildings. Two 50-foot lots on East Sixth St.

J. M. BRUNNER,

Citizens National Bank Building.

DR. THOS. H. GRANGER, D. D. S.,
Manager,
DOSS & GRANGER
Pioneer
Dental
Office
ESTABLISHED 1901.
OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
PHONE 212.

HENRY M. FURMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will do a general Civil and Criminal Practice.
Office in Duncan Building.

WANTS

FOR SALE:—An old stove, good for another year or two, for \$1.00. Ada News. 2t 261

FOR RENT:—5-room house on 16th street. \$10 per month. H. C. Thompson, over Ada Nat'l Bank. 5t 258

FOR SALE:—Two large fine mules; one nearly new three inch wagon; one set splendid wagon harness, for cash. Apply to Sol Moss. 246-tf

Sickening Shivering Fits

of ague and Malaria, can be relieved and cured with Electric Bitters. This is a pure, tonic medicine; of especial benefit in malaria, for it exerts a true curative influence on the disease, driving it entirely out of the system. It is much to be preferred to quinine, having none of this drug's bad after effects. E. S. Munday, of Henrietta, Texas, writes: "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice, till he took Electric Bitters, which saved his life. At Clark Drug Co., and Dr. F. Z. Holley. Price 50c, guaranteed.

The Original

Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as a throat and lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar many imitations are offered for the genuine. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered as no other preparation will give the same satisfaction. It contains no opiates and is safest for children and delicate persons. Clark Drug Co. and Mason Drug Co.

Ada Opera House

PROTECT YOUR BOOKS!

They're too valuable to be thrown about the room or house exposed to dust and damage! Of course you can't help it if your books are full and of the old style solid construction. Better get rid of such a case, or start a new one that will always accommodate your books without being either too large or too small—one that grows with your library and always fits it. The

Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Book-Case

is the original and only up-to-date sectional book-case and is made by the Globe-Wernicke Co. of such goods and made to order in any size, shape, color, or material. It is a system of units, each unit fitted with the perfection dust-proof roller-bearing door. But we'll be glad to show them if you call, or will send illustrated catalogue on request.

Sold By

W. C. DUNCAN.

CITY BARBER SHOP,
D. A. DORSEY, Prop.
First Class Work Guaranteed.
Hair Cut 25c, Shave 10c.
South Side Main St., Ada, I. T.

ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.
Is given up to be best. Do
Largest Agency Work
of any plant in this Territory.

Reed & Harrison
Wholesale and Retail **Buggies**
The Best Makes; the Lowest Prices.

COAL! COAL!

REMEMBER we are still in the Coal Business and handle the best grades of Lehigh and McAlester Coal, and will sell it on a close margin. We also carry in stock stove, heater and coal wood. PHONE 246.

ADA COAL CO.

FOLLOW THE CROWD

They are going to get their fall suits and trousers at the

NEW TAILOR

shop in the rear of CHAPMAN'S shoe store. Swell, est, snappiest line of woollens ever shown in Ada, so cheap too.

Quality and fit guaranteed. High class cleaning, team dyeing, ladies' and mens' clothing.

NASH, the Tailor.

NICKEL STORE

SMALL PROFITS

QUICK SALES CASH

We do not sell on credit to anyone, no matter how wealthy or how honest. Please do not embarrass us by asking. We have moved to Main street, third door from Rollow's corner. A better house in which to show our goods.

Our Stationery Department

This is, has been and will be one of the most successful in the store. We sell pens, ink, mucilage, glue, composition books, ledgers, journals, day books. Tablets, both for pencil and ink, ruled or unruled.

5c

We also in this department keep slates, slate pencils, ink stands, school boxes and school supplies. Come here for your school books. Any book used in town or country and we can save you money on them.

A complete, always up-to-date line of novels; standard authors

10c

Small Things

Hair pins, wire and horn, back combs, side combs, ladies, gents and childrens stockings, towels, darning cotton. Needles, Milward's gold eye at 4c per pair.

Hardware

Sargeant's food chopper, chops meat, vegetables, etc., ordinarily called sausage grinders,

\$1.24

No. 1 steel traps, with chain 15c
Curry combs - 5c and 10c
Tack hammers - 5c and 10c
Can opener with cork screw 10c
Haines' rivets, tubular 50 in a box, assorted lengths 5c.
slatted or forked 100 in a box 5c, solid copper 1.4 pound boxes - 10c
Sure clinch shoe tacks, brass and copper plated, 1.4 pound boxes

4c

First class American files eight inch - 10c
Ten-inch - 12 1 2c
Twelve inch - 20c
Don't buy reworked files when you can buy first class files at above prices

Carpet tacks, 500 tacks in a box, 5c per box

Crank egg beaters

10c

Best goods for the price, from 50c to \$1.65 per set.

T hinges, three-inch and five-inch - 5c
Butt hinges, three-inch with screws - 10c

WARRANTED SHEARS

Eigh-Inch

50c

Big bargains in

Tinware and

Enameledware

Large enameled dishpan 50c
Enameled ladle - 10c
Baking pans - 10c

Examine our stock and compare our prices.

Thanking you for past patronage and respectfully asking a continuance of same,

I am yours respectfully,

S. M. Shaw, Prop

Nickel Store.

The 5c and 10c store of Ada, I. T.

New location on Main street third door west of Rollow's corner.

Phone 77.

GLADNESS
"If living is a joy to you,
Be glad and be glad,
And life seems good and sweet and true
That you have happily found.
Then sing no false and hopeless strain
Of doubting and despair,
But lift your voice all clear and plain
And sing that life is fair!"
Sing of its beauty and its worth,
Its bright and sunny skies,
Sing all the loveliness of earth
As seen by happy eyes:
For then the souls despondent born
Shall find them brave and strong,
Their way less gloomy and forlorn,
Because of your glad song!"
—Hippie D. Saunders, in St. Louis Republic.

THE STRONGHOLD OF THE BEES

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

IT was discovered by Lee Stevens one July afternoon, when he was fishing in Nelson's Creek, which flows through the mountains of West Virginia into the Potomac. From the western side of the creek the mountain rose in a gray fissured bluff, fully sixty feet in height. A dead black-gum tree growing at the margin of the water reached half-way up the face of the bluff, and round the top of this tree Lee observed a great flight of bees. The tree, it appeared, was a "bee-tree."

Lee watched the insects with interest, for he was himself a bee-keeper. In partnership with Fred Armstrong, who lived on the adjoining farm, he was operating an apiary, which had grown from six to twenty colonies, and had already produced a pleasant little bank account.

Lee saw that the nest of bees was not in the tree. It was in the bluff itself, which was brushed by the dead branches. But as he could not see the actual entering place, he took off his coat and began to climb the tree.

He had to go to the very top, but he saw what he wanted. The stronghold of the bees was in a fissure of the rock, with an entrance not four inches in diameter. Below it a projecting ledge made, as it were, a door-step about a foot wide, and this shelf was covered with bees, alighting or crawling about.

It was evidently a very active and populous colony; it might well contain hundreds of pounds of honey and wax. But before Lee could make further observations he was stung on the wrist, and slid hurriedly to the ground.

The next day he brought Armstrong to look at the place. The smallness of the entrance was awkward, for they could neither get at the bees nor take out the combs without breaking them. But the rock was so cracked that it looked as if a piece might be pried off to enlarge the opening, which, Lee thought, could easily be reached from the top of the tree.

Three days later the boys returned to the bluff, equipped with a small, sharp iron bar, an ax, and defensive armor of gauze veils and cotton gloves reaching to the elbow, as well as a bee-smoker loaded with a potent mixture of green tobacco leaves and hickory bark. They did not intend to get the honey on this visit. After enlarging the entrance, it would be better to allow the insects a day or two to grow quiet.

Fred agreed to undertake the work aloft, and he put on his gloves and veil, put the bar in his pocket, and lighted the smoker, which he slung around his neck. Then he went up the tree, while Lee watched from below.

The ledge swarmed with bees. A deep hum came from the dark hole, and the warm fragrance of honey and wax. But he found that Lee had miscalculated the distance between the treecrop and the ledge. The branches would not bear him, and he could not reach the opening. He could not come within three feet of it, and he threw his weight on that side of the tree and tried to sway the trunk a little.

"Be careful! That tree's rotten!" called Lee, from below.

But the trunk had bent forward far enough for Fred to grasp the jagged edge of the granite, and to get one knee upon the ledge.

He clung there against the spring of the tree, holding to the rock with his left hand, while with his right hand he drew the iron bar and began to pry at a crevice beside the aperture.

At the first click of the iron the bees were upon him, coming like tiny arrows against his veil. He unslung the smoker and poured smoke into the hole, checking the attack temporarily.

It was ticklish work, clinging at once to the tree and the ledge, but the fragment of rock gave way under the crowbar. It moved. With a strong effort he dislodged it, and it fell.

It left the opening a trifle larger. A cloud of bees rose like a puff of dense smoke, and almost at the same moment there was a crack from the dead tree trunk, a yell of dismay from Lee, and the tree snapped off about six feet below the ledge, and went crashing down.

Fred never knew why he did not go with it. He caught instinctively at the granite, dropping smoker and bar, and threw himself forward upon his knee. He found himself sitting on the narrow shelf, with his legs dangling over forty feet of space, and a cloud of desperately infuriated bees round his head.

He glanced at the stump of the tree, measuring the distance. It was too far to reach, too far to jump. The dead branches would snap if he fell

among them. Yet the cliff was too precipitous to be scaled, either above or below him, and the few bushes growing in the crannies were too weak to offer hope.

The air about his face was darkened with the flying insects, and Fred involuntarily quailed before their fury, although he did not think that they could get at him. They settled on the gauge of his veil in scores, in hundreds, till the stuff sagged heavily with their weight and became as opaque as leather, and half a dozen burning stabs on his legs and body showed that they had managed to get under his clothing. Suddenly he felt a sharp thrust on his cheek, then another. He thought the veil must have sagged against the skin, but to his horror he felt bees crawling on his cheek. The thin gauze had ripped, probably in a weak spot, under the weight of the quart or two of bees.

Fred had the misfortune—for a bee-keeper—to be quickly and severely affected by stings, and he could feel his face puffing up already. He closed his eyes tight to protect them as far as possible. The bees were back upon him in myriads, and when they were once under the veil it was impossible to brush them off.

The smell of the bees nauseated the boy, and he grew dizzy and faint. He rallied from this in a moment, but a numb listlessness overcame him. He thought he heard, far away, a noise as of some one chopping wood, and tried to open his eyes. The lids would not close but a crack.

He realized vaguely that he was in danger of fainting and toppling from his narrow perch, but he felt as if he did not much care. There might be worse things than to fall gently, softly through the cool air, and be free from his buzzing tormentors. He was seized by a strong temptation to let himself slip over. It would be so easy! He seemed to hear a voice above the whirr and roar of the wings.

"Jump!" it repeated. "Jump! Jump!"

He resisted the prompting as long as he was able; he did not know how long. Then, suddenly yielding, he put his hands on the rock beside him and swung off.

"Smash!" He went almost immediately into crackling branches. The shock brought him to himself. The branches broke as he grasped them, but there was something more solid under him. It was a tree trunk. He grasped it, and slid down blindly, losing most of the clinging bees in the descent, till his feet touched solid ground, and he felt an arm thrown round his shoulder. "I was calling to you for ten minutes to jump!" exclaimed Lee. "I thought you'd be stung to death."

With admirable resource Lee had felled the tree so that it leaned against the bluff directly beneath Fred's perch. He could not have missed it in jumping.

Fred lay on the grass for the rest of the afternoon, with his face painted with wet mud. At sunset he was able to walk the three miles to his home, although weakly, and with a countenance swollen out of human semblance. The swelling abated in a day or two, however, and did no permanent harm; but for more than a month the odor of bees or wax produced such a violent nausea that he was unable to do his share of the work of the joint apiary.

The wild bees still dwell and prosper in the rocks. As the tree is broken off, their stronghold is more inaccessible than ever. —Youth's Companion.

His Niggardliness.

"I shilly-shally, bidden and sistahs, to publicly stigmatize any member of this congregation by name," grins remarked good old Parson Woodmon, during a recent sermon, fixing a basilisk glare on a certain miserly and unproductive person before him. "Time after a time, when de contribution box hab circumsambulated around, de brudder under specification ain't flung in my cent, but dess sot and sot and soaked up de sermint, and neber said 'noo' about payin' his predestined property. Dar comes a time, muh friends, when predestination done ceases to be virtuous, and I is now gwine to ax dat disobedient and reluctant pesson why'n't he reorganize his 'sponsibilities and retahate wid a 'casional nickel or a little 'so' 'thin' dat-a-way. Don't you know, Brudder Shewfoot—It's gwine to predicate to him—don't yo' know dat va' an due and elected to lend to de Lawd? Don't you?"

"I knows all dat, and mo', too," doggedly replied the economical Mr. Shewfoot. "I knows dat, all right enough, and I stands ready and willin' to lend de Lawd. When de Lawd comes after de money I's er-gwine to fork over; but I sho' proclaim in a high, clear voice dat I ain't gwine to hand it out to nobody else!" —Tom Watson's Magazine.

Knew Her Weakness.

It was the sweet scent of the lilies in the conservatory, or the beauty of the young girl's gilt hair, at any rate, after the two-step, as they rested in the shadow beneath a palm, he proposed to the debutante in white.

"It cannot be," she said. "I am unworthy of you."

"Oh, rubbish!" said he.

"It is true, it is too true." And she sighed.

"You are an angel," he said, ardently. "No, no; you are wrong," said the young girl. "I am vain, idle, silly, utterly unfit to be your helpmate through life."

He laughed lightly. He said in a soothing voice:

"Why, this is sheer madness. What sort of a wife do you think I ought to have?"

"A very wise, deliberate, practical woman," she replied; "one able to live on your small salary." —Philadelphia Telegraph.

How the American Spy Stole Great Britain's Naval Signal Code.

THERE was a good deal of bitterness between England and the Northern States at this time, and the Government at Washington was deeply interested in the dispatches forwarded by the British Minister to his home Government. It was known that England was friendly to the Confederacy and willing to aid it secretly, if not by open recognition. Under such conditions, it became necessary to know as much as possible of what was passing to and fro between Washington and London in the form of cryptograms; and while most of this matter went by messenger or mail to New York, there were many cipher telegrams sent at the last moment to catch the outgoing steamer, there being no ocean cable at that time. At the telegraph office all such messages were subjected to examination and copies of them were made. After a brief conversation with Secretary Welles, the old gentleman brought out one of these cipher copies, and placing it in my hands said:

"Mr. Osborn, you have a way of finding out secrets. Do you think you can solve that? If you can, it will be worth five thousand dollars to you."

I did not know even the nature of the paper at the time, but I saw that it was a cipher made up partly of words and partly of a combination of numerals, usually in groups of four figures. Something about it suggested to me a naval signal book, and the thought occurred that perhaps if we had a copy of that used by British service we might unravel the mystery. I studied the paper for some time, and the more I considered the matter the more certain I became that the British naval signal book would furnish the key. I finally informed Mr. Welles that I believed I could work the matter out, but that I would need several days' leave from my paper and perfect copies of the ciphers. The former I obtained without difficulty, and the latter were promptly supplied. With them in an inner pocket, I left that night for Boston, where a British man-of-war was lying. It was my purpose to secure her signal book at whatever hazard and by whatever means, for in such cases the old adage of "All is fair in love and war" holds true.

What I had undertaken to do was a risky business. The two nations were at peace, outwardly at least, and if my attempt were detected I could expect neither mercy from one side nor success from the other. I think, however, I gave this phase of the matter but slight consideration. My chief thought was of the signal book, and how to get it.

Arriving at Boston, I promptly used my naval acquaintance to get introductions to the officers of her majesty's service, and by a diplomatic course of winning and dining presently made myself a welcome visitor on her majesty's vessel. Indeed, I soon became a favorite with all on board, especially with the signal officer, to whom I told my best yarns, often inviting him to a dinner ashore to hear them. Of course, this resulted in return invitations, and sometimes it happened that when I wished to brush my hair or otherwise attend to my toilet I was invited to make use of his room for that purpose.

It was but a brief time before I had located the coveted signal book—a tidily bound volume with leaden plates riveted to the corners, so that in event of capture it could be readily dropped overboard and lost. The whole was encased in a canvas bag, suspended by a shoulder-strap. During my next visit I had sufficient opportunity to examine the book for a few minutes, and found to my delight that it did, in reality, furnish the key I wanted. I had memorized a few of the cryptographic words, and with the book before me and the signal officer at muster on deck I verified my conclusions. The next thing in order was to secure this priceless volume. I reasoned that as there were no other English vessels nearby, it might be weeks before the book would be needed, and that if I could remove the contents from the covers, substituting them with leaves of the same bulk and appearance, there would be a good chance not only to get safely clear of the vessel, but for a considerable period to elapse before the loss was discovered, by which time it would be by no means certain when the abstraction had occurred.

I therefore took careful measurements, and the next time I boarded the ship my dummy book was with me—a copy of Ray's Arithmetic, if I remember correctly, picked up on a second-hand stall. That was a foggy night, and I lingered late. When I mentioned going ashore, my friend, the signal officer, protested, and offered me the use of his room. I had hardly dared hope for this stroke of fortune. I had plenty of time that night to do the job in a neat and workmanlike manner. I was really proud of the resemblance the Ray's Arithmetic bore to the signal book when it was properly in its neat covers and riveted leaden plates. Then, after carefully adjusting my prize to its new dress, I lay down and slept the sleep that comes of well-doing and a clear conscience.

I did not hurry away next morning—that would not do. I even lingered a little, and finally bade them all good-by, with a good deal of regret I must own, for they were jolly fellows.

Arriving on shore, I lost no time in getting a train for the Capital, and once aboard the train told on me, for I had been keyed to a pretty high pitch during those days in Boston, and I dozed and slept most of the day and all that night without a break.

But I was at the Department next morning, bright and early, and when the Secretary had glanced over his mail he sent for me to come to his private office.

"Well, Mr. Osborn," he said, "you have made a long stay. Have you been able to read those telegrams yet?" I drew up a chair beside him, and pulling out a cipher of over one hundred and fifty words, read to him a well-connected, perfectly intelligible, highly interesting and important communication from the British Minister to the Home Secretary. —Pearson's Magazine.

WAYS OF GREAT MEN

How Some Celebrities Ate, Slept, Worked and Played.

Lives of great men usually remind us that we cannot make our lives sublime by following their rules about diet, drink, work and sleep. Gladstone's rule about chewing his food with many bites before swallowing it, was excellent sense, a good rule for every one. But Thomas Edison, being interviewed the other day about his habits, advocated more work as a cure for overwork and little food and not much sleep as highly beneficial. "Digestion easily becomes a tax on vitality, and remarkable benefits sometimes come from cutting down the rations of an alluring person. Moreover, a change of employment is restful. But the faculty will hardly back Mr. Edison in advocating less sleep for the majority of mankind, or in prescribing harder work as a cure for overwork. Mark Twain confesses that he has lately cured himself of indigestion by substituting three or four frugal meals a day for one big one. Think of this keeping up, and so well up, these many years on one meal a day! When you run the very small eaters to earth you usually find that they are pretty steady and generous consumers of tobacco. Mr. Edison smokes. Mr. Horace Fletcher, the English prophet of little to eat and chew it very fine, is a fairly constant smoker. Mark Twain is not conscious of taking any exercise, and when he stays abroad until it is done. Any beginner who followed his regimen of Mr. Edison's would come punctually to grief. The truth is a seasoned mind-worker of mature years is apt to be one of the toughest things that nature's laboratory produces. He is apt to be in considerable measure poison-proof; at least he has learned, usually, what he can do, and what he cannot do, with alcohol, tobacco, coffee and tea. And he has usually learned not to burden his body with an unnecessary amount of food, or else his habits of digestion are so perfected that nothing jolts them. An average first-flight football player is a baby in the important kinds of hardness compared with a thoroughly seasoned lawyer or writer. —Harper's Weekly.

She Was Not to Be Fooled.

Jim Matthews, who sells shoes all over the West for a Cincinnati house, was at the Brown Palace Monday. During the evening Matthews and another shoe salesman were talking "shop" near the desk in the lobby. "Say," said Clerk Churchill to them, "I want to ask you fellows something. How about this claim you often hear, that women always want to wear shoes a size or two too small for them? Do shoe clerks have to fool them?"

"Sometimes they do," replied Matthews, "but not nearly so much as the newspaper humorists would have you believe. I shall never forget a time that I was waiting on a woman in Kansas City when I was a shoe clerk. She was elegantly dressed and very stylish. Her foot called for a No. 4 shoe. I figured that she would have to be fooled, so I got a No. 4 and said: 'Madam, here's a No. 2. I think it is exactly what you wear.'"

"Did it please her?" asked Churchill. "Please her! I should say not," replied the shoe salesman. "She got up and picked up five bundles. 'Young man,' she said, 'you are simply a liar. My foot needs a No. 4. I didn't come in here to be fooled or lied to.' Then she walked out. The proprietor, who had been standing near, was serious for a moment. Then he smiled. 'Well, Jim,' he said, 'she called the turn on you, anyway. You do tell some awfully big ones.' —Denver Post.

The African Drum.

The African drum appears in varied and often picturesque forms. The natives make drums out of shells, tree trunks, or earthenware, covered with the skin of some wild animal, or sometimes with India rubber. Of the original calabash drums there is probably only one specimen in Europe. Some of the drums are highly ornamented, either by painting or carving. One specimen, indeed, has puzzled travelers, for there is depicted on it unmistakably a cross, and also a head of European type. A drum found in Upper Lunaba has a unique peculiarity in the way of a "sympathetic chord," formed by means of a small tube, ingeniously inserted in the side of the instrument, which causes, when the drum is beaten, a vibration resembling that of the reed pipe. —Southern Workman.

Words.

Noah Webster gazed at his completed dictionary with alarm. "I hope," he said, "there will be words enough in it to describe the President's attitude on the railroad-rate question."

Still doubting he went to sleep in his Amherst home. —New York World.

HE HAD IMPROVED
How an Old Lady Invalid Became Encouraged.

Health resorts always attract not only those persons who are really suffering from some ill, but also many of those who are given to extraordinary and unfounded fancies of the evil state of their bodies. At a Michigan hotel noted for its baths for the cure of rheumatism came a woman from New York, who at once made the acquaintance of every person apparently for the sole purpose of telling them her imaginary ailments, hearing them tell about their own, and discussing at great length the curative qualities of the springs.

She made a particular victim of an old gentleman, who, being of a somewhat retiring, silent temperament, was extremely annoyed by her questions and her often repeated tales of woe.

Finally, one morning, when he was taking a sun-bath on the piazza, surrounded by a few congenial acquaintances, the woman approached, inflicted upon him a renewal of her tiresome conversation, and exhausted his patience. His opportunity for revenge came quickly.

"Mr. Ladd," said she, settling weakly into a chair, "we have had so many pleasant discussions about our sufferings—and yet not half so pleasant as they might have been, because I've been so frightfully lashed with these terrible pains. Why, I looked in the glass this morning, and you have no idea how pale I was! I scarcely knew myself! But what I wanted to ask you was this: What do you think of these baths? Have you any faith in them? And this climate, particularly, and this air?"

"Madam," replied the old man, "I cannot speak so surely about the baths, but there is no doubt about the climate and the air. I can truthfully say I feel at home here. Why, when I first came here I weighed less than I do now by more than fifty pounds." "Just think of it!" she exclaimed. "I could hardly raise an arm above my head. I could not speak an intelligible word. I never left my bed without being lifted out of it by strong arms, and my hands were so useless that I could not pick up a knife and fork. Most of my days I spent half-conscious or asleep upon my back, and I did not take any interest in the conversation of my nurse—for, of course, it was necessary to have a nurse."

"You can see that now I have quite a little hair. When I came to this town there was not a spear of it on my head. I needed attention night and day. I was so weak and helpless that a child of four years of age might have choked me to death without its being in my power to resist. That was when I first came here."

"Gracious!" cried the woman, excitedly. "You give me so much hope! How long have you been here? When did you first come?"

"Madam," answered the old man, solemnly, "I was born here. —Youth's Companion.

The Effect of Weeping.

"I am forty years of age," said a lively talking man, "and never to my recollection have I shed a tear. Of course, as a child I must have done my share of crying, but the impressions or effects of that I do not now recall. I have seen many people, men and women, cry, and I would like to know what is the effect of weeping upon the weeper. I might have asked some of those I have seen weep. I suppose, but delicacy has always forbidden it."

"I know that it is said if those in deep grief can weep they will not suffer so much, and it is this physical result I want defined. I remember in my dreams to have wept over sorrows, and the feeling was that of forgetfulness of my trouble. I mean by that, that while the tears came and the frame was shaken by sobs, there seemed to be a temporary absence in the mind of the cause of the weeping. Is that the explanation? Some have told me rather vaguely that possibly that was the explanation, but they would not say so definitely."

"Some have said they didn't know why they wept; they simply wept and felt better for it. As a rule I believe the effect is said to be rather mental or spiritual than physical or material, and I am inclined to dispute this explanation. If anybody here can tell me what I want to know I'll be obliged."

This started a discussion, but at the end of it the man didn't seem to know any more than when he asked his first question. —New York Press.

Sentiment in Watercross.

"I really believe," said the diner out, "that the reason people in this city are so fond of watercross is that it brings a mental 'Old Homestead' play on the dinner table. I have seen people in New York eat watercross avidously who, to my certain knowledge, would not take the trouble to walk down to the brook and gather it in their native village. Just start a watercross conversation the next time any comes, on the table and see what happens. All you have got to do is to say, 'When I was a boy I used to gather watercross out of a brook which ran right through the farm.' If you want to be very artificial say 'place,' instead of 'farm.'"

"Vast quantities of watercross are consumed by people living in New York and the supplying of it is a profitable industry. And if it were not for the sentiment precious little of it would be eaten. But, somehow, nothing does bring the country like a dish of watercross in a crowded city. Of course, we seldom ate the cross in our childhood. We preferred dandelions—boiled with pork. But the watercross whispers so alluringly of the brook and the spring that in the city it is a treat to us from the farm. No other vegetable, or herb, or whatever you may please to call it, has quite the home bringing qualities of watercross." —New York Press.

LINCOLN THE ATHLETE
How the Youth's Bodily Vigor Stood Him in Good Stead.

Young Lincoln's bodily vigor stood him in good stead in many ways. In frontier life strength and athletic skill served as well for popular amusement as for prosaic toil, and at times, indeed, they were needed for personal defense. Every community had its champion wrestler, a man of considerable local importance, in whose success the neighbors took a becoming interest. There was, not far from New Salem, a settlement called Clary's Grove, where lived a set of restless, rollicking young backwoodsmen with a strong liking for frontier athletics and rough practical jokes. Jack Armstrong was the leader of these, and until Lincoln's arrival had been the champion wrestler of both Clary's Grove and New Salem. He and his friends had not the slightest personal grudge against Lincoln; but hearing the neighborhood talk about the newcomer, and especially Offutt's extravagant praise of his clerk, who, according to Offutt's statement, knew more than any one else in the United States, and could beat the whole country at running, jumping or "wrestling," they decided that the time had come to assert themselves, and strove to bring about a trial of strength between Armstrong and Lincoln. Lincoln, who disapproved of all this "woolwing and pulling," as he called it, and had no desire to come to blows with his neighbors, put off the encounter as long as possible. At length even his good temper was powerless to avert it, and the wrestling match took place. Jack Armstrong soon found that he had tackled a man as strong and skillful as himself; and his friends, seeing him likely to get the worst of it, swarmed to his assistance, almost succeeding, by tripping and kicking, in getting Lincoln down. At the unfairness of this Lincoln became suddenly and furiously angry, put forth his entire strength, lifted the pride of Clary's Grove in his arms like a child, and holding him high in the air, almost choked the life out of him. It seemed for a moment as though a general fight must follow; but even while Lincoln's fierce rage compelled their respect, his quickly returning self-control won their admiration, and the crisis was safely passed. Instead of becoming enemies and leaders in a neighborhood feud, as might have been expected, the two grew to be warm friends, the affection thus strangely begun lasting through life. They proved useful to each other in various ways, and years afterward Lincoln made ample amends for his rough treatment of the other's throat by saving the neck of Jack Armstrong's son from the halter in a memorable trial for murder. The Clary's Grove "boys" voted Lincoln "the cleverest fellow that had ever broke into the settlement," and thereafter took as much pride in his peaceableness and book-learning as they did in the rougher and more questionable accomplishments of their discomfited leader. —From Helen Nicolay's "The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln," in St. Nicholas.

WISE WORDS.

Our purposes are often the results of God's plans.

Wise men never hesitate to look in lowly places.

Herads of greatest events have been amongst the lowly.

You can keep thoughts out, but you cannot keep them in.

Friendship which must be bought is never worth the price it costs.

Wisdom is the natural ally of virtue; ignorance is the natural ally of vice.

Nothing could be more unprofitable than a life absorbed in profit-making.

Every time you slide a good impulse you make it harder to start the next one.

It's a good deal easier to regulate this world than it is to set your own house straight.

The guardian angel of life sometimes flies so high that we cannot see it—but he is never too far away to see us, and will at the proper time be over us.

Delicate Compliments.
Many delicate compliments have been paid the fair sex by men subtle in speech, but here is one straight from the heart of an illiterate negro that is difficult to excel. It is recalled by the Rev. C. P. Smith, of Kansas City, in telling the story of a marriage fee.

"When I was preaching at Walla Walla, Wash.," he said, "there was no negro preacher in town, and I was often called upon to perform a ceremony between negroes. — One afternoon, after I had married a young negro couple, the groom asked the price of the service.

"Oh, well," said I, "you can pay me whatever you think it is worth to you."

"The negro turned and silently looked his bride over from head to foot, then slowly rolling up the whites of his eyes to me, said:

"'Lawd, sah, you has done ruined me for life; you has, for sure.'"

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

His Beautiful Faith.

John, Jr., five, was promised he could go to the circus.

His mother, thinking he would become frightened at the elephants and other animals, told him he would have to be brave and manly and not be afraid of anything he would see.

Friday night (he was to go Saturday) as he finished saying his nightly prayers, he raised his voice and with a most beautiful faith and confidence and all the earnestness his five years could command he said:

"O God, make me good, brave, strong and manly for the circus!" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

German pig iron production in October passed, for the first time, the million ton mark.

WEATHER FORECAST:

Tomorrow Rain

THE EVENING NEWS.

TEMPERATURE TODAY:

At 8 p. m., 70 degrees.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 2

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 22, 1906

NUMBER 262

\$30,000 STOCK Of Goods For Sale!

Beginning Thursday, January 17, and continuing for 30 days, we will sell our entire stock of dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, clothing and groceries at actual wholesale cost. Everything goes in this sale except wagons and farm implements. A large assortment of buggies is included in this cost sale. We have over-bought for the season and want to reduce our \$30,000 in the next 30 days to \$15,000. If you are "from Missouri" we can "show you" we are doing what we claim. This sale will be for spot cash--nothing will be charged--as we need the money more than we need the goods. President Roosevelt could not buy on credit from us during this sale. Opportunity knocks once at every man's door.

This is Your Opportunity

The Big Store
Reed & Harrison

CORNERSTONE OF MASONIC TEMPLE IMPRESSIVELY LAID

South McAlester, I. T., Jan. 22.—The cornerstone of one of the finest buildings in America devoted exclusively to Masonic purposes was laid in South McAlester today. Its cost is to be \$150,000. In beauty of design, richness of finish and perfection of equipment it will be absolutely unique. A procession formed at the Busby Hotel and proceeded to the site of the new temple, where the impressive Masonic ceremony of laying the cornerstone took place, followed by addresses from prominent Masons in attendance. In the evening the Master Mason's degree will be conferred in costume by the South McAlester Lodge and the remaining three days of the reunion will be devoted to the Scottish Rite work. The new building will stand on the highest point of land along the M. K. & T. Railway between Parsons, Kan., and Sherman, Tex. It will be three stories, of cream brick and Carthage stone. The corner-stone, of Indian Territory granite, will be donated by the Masons of Tishomingo. On the first floor will be a banquet room to seat 1,000 persons. On the second floor will be an auditorium to hold 1,200, with a place, followed by addresses from prominent Masons in attendance. The remainder of the structure will be devoted to class rooms and offices for the secretary and treasurer.

MANY NEGROES MANGLED IN CHURCH FIRE PANIC

Philadelphia, Jan. 22.—Eighteen persons were killed and probably half a hundred injured in a panic following the cry of fire last night in St. Paul's Colored Baptist Church, in Eighth street. The services were held on the second floor of the building. A defective flue set fire to the chimney, causing smoke to issue through the crevices in the floor near the pulpit. The room was well filled at the time and the cry "fire" coupled with the sight of the smoke threw the congregation into a panic. A wild rush was made for the stairs, despite the efforts of Rev. E. W. Johnson, the pastor, to allay the fears of the frenzied people. All wanted to get out at once and men, women and children alike were knocked down and trampled upon by those pushing from behind. The stairway to the first floor had one sharp turn in it and the frightened people became so tightly wedged in the bend of the stairs the frail wooden balustrade gave way, precipitating many to the first floor. The crash and the screams and shrieks of the women and children added to the frenzy of those above. They did not stop in their mad rush to get out. Notwithstanding the wide open doors of the first floor leading to the street the crush was so great that eighteen persons had the life stamped out of them before the panic was ended.

THE TWO TERRITORIES IN BLIZZARDS' GRASP

From weather of the most sum mery description on Saturday, which was generally enjoyed by the people of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, the conditions changed suddenly and fiercely during the night and Sunday morning found the whole of the two Territories in the grasp of a veritable blizzard, which continued unabated in snow and wind almost throughout Monday.

Sapulpa, I. T., Jan. 22.—The first blizzard of this winter struck Sapulpa last afternoon at 3 o'clock and heavy snow is falling, with high wind from the north. It is still snowing at 9 a. m. The storm is reported to cover the entire Indian Territory.

Ardmore, I. T., Jan. 22.—The

coldest weather of the season is prevailing here. A cold wave struck this section Saturday night with great force. The past week has been the warmest for many years.

Guthrie, Ok., Jan. 22.—All Oklahoma is in the grasp of a norther, which began Saturday midnight and has raged ever since. Its effects are felt keenly as it follows two weeks of spring like weather.

Oklahoma City, Ok., Jan. 22.—A cold wave struck this section early Sunday and there has been a change of 30 degrees in the thermometer.

Wedding invitations—latest styles—turned out at the News office

POSSIBILITY OF THIRD TERM FOR ROOSEVELT

New York Jan. 22.—A Washington special to the Herald says Jacob A. Rus' statement declaring that President Roosevelt would run a third time if it became necessary in order to achieve the defeat of the "money power," which he believes is engaged in obstructing the President's reforms attracted considerable attention here. In fact everything printed bearing on the President's political ambition attracts much attention, and especial importance is attached to Mr. Rus' statement that party lines will be wiped out in 1908. This, said the Herald, is the first time in the history of the United States that a President has been reported to run a third term.

Representatives here point out significant things both North and South, in justification of their belief. They say that the President has already laid the ground for a Roosevelt party in the North. He can either boss

the Republican party in New York and New England, or create a Roosevelt party, just as he chooses. In the South he is working to appease the Southern Democrats.

His appointment of Gen. Luke Wright to be Ambassador to Tokio is regarded here as purely political. His selection of Judge Rose of Arkansas to be one of the American delegates to the second peace conference at The Hague is on the same lines. His determination to retire negroes in the South is officeholders, so that they can make way for white men in the same line. There is a very general feeling that the President expects great things from the South, and he is seeking to hold enough Southern men in hand to carry through measures, despite Republican opposition. The Southern Democrats saved the Philippine tariff bill this week.

GOV. FRANTZ MUST PROBE THE SANITORIUM MATTER

Washington, Jan. 22.—Governor Frantz is expected to take up the sanatorium question and start something in that line very soon. He is the second governor appointed to do that work.

Ferguson was appointed on that issue; Jenkins having been tried on the same issue. The long and vicious lambasting by the president in making the change in office is easily recalled.

Ferguson went in and was to attend to it. The president had other troubles; thought no more about it. He supposed everything had been fixed up.

After four long years of Ferguson he was told that the asylum game was going on just the same. A bank had closed and the best dividends are coming from profits arising from pay for keeping asylum inmates and the service given them.

When the facts concerning the matter reached the president he was tempted to lambast Ferguson just as he had Jenkins, but it oc-

curred to him that Ferguson had been under him, had been intrusted with a certain work and trusted by him. Pouncing on Ferguson would be convicting himself of an oversight, and just there Ferguson escaped with his hide on.

Captain Frantz, long before he became governor, and before he was selected in fact, was given to understand what he was expected to do in the asylum matter. Very soon he will cause an investigation to be made; a real investigation. In case he has any hesitation about what to do with it when he gets the report he will take it up with the official here. There will be no surprise if the department of justice is called in and some prosecutions result.

Mr. J. H. Rose, returned to Barnett, I. T., after inspecting some land near Ada. He was glad to meet up with Judge U. G. Winn, whom he had not met since the latter was a small boy. Their families were intimate in Arkansas long ago.

THE ELECTRICAL BUSINESS

like every other business has its styles and its fashions. Our stock of fixtures is always up to the minute. We are also prepared to render the best service in plumbing and waterworks supplies and our prices are always consistent with our services. The best is always the cheapest. We also carry a full line of steam fixtures. Your patronage solicited.

Ada Electric and Plumbing Supply Co., Phone 237

MODEL BAKERY

Fresh Bread, Cakes, Pies, Etc.
A Fine Line of Candies

116 SOUTH BROADWAY, OPPOSITE OLD POSTOFFICE

COAL! COAL!!

Midway and Homavetta fancy lump, \$6.00 per ton. Some certain party is trying to mislead the people of Ada that he is connected with the coal business. I will say to the citizens of Ada that I have no partner at all.

G. M. ANGLIN.

Phone 249. Orders Delivered to Any Part of the City

Enjoy an evening at the W. J. Wilson Billiard and Pool Parlor. Everything first class. ---AND---
L. N. JAMES Mgrs. POOL

PAUL W. ALLEN,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Horses Boarded by Day or Week.
Cattle, Horses, etc. boarded.

Allen Livery Barn

South Townsend Ave., Phone 64

GUS KRANNICH THE TAILOR

After all it pays to have your clothes made by an experienced tailor. If Gus Krannich makes suit for you you will never complain. Try him. Cleaning and repairing neatly done.

K. C. Tailor Shop. Ada, I. T.
(Over Freeman's Store)

The best Candies, Fruits and Cigars.

Box Candies a Specialty
At the Postoffice News Stand

Cheap Coal FOR CASH

Place your order for good coal with the

CRYSTAL ICE and COAL CO.

The driver is authorized to receipt you for payments

Phone No. 122

The Ada National Bank.

TOM HOPE, President. JNO. L. BARRINGER, Vice President.
FRANK JONES, Cashier. ORVILLE SNEAD, Asst. Cashier.

Capital Stock, \$50,000.00
Undivided Profits, 20,000.00

Blanks Furnished and Remittances Made to the Government on Town Lots.

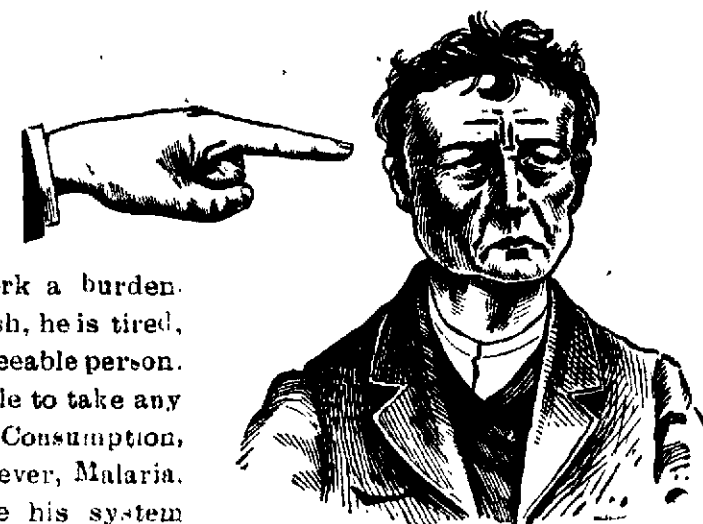
ADA, CHICKASAW NATION, IND. TER.

DO YOU FEEL LIKE THIS?

Here is a victim of neglect.

Bad digestion was the starting point. He ignored the warnings sent up by an overloaded and suffering stomach, hence the disorder spread until it has seriously weakened the entire digestive apparatus, involving the kidneys, liver and bowels. It is the beginning of a sick spell.

A person in this state of health finds work a burden. Strength and energy are gone, he can't eat with relish, he is tired, cross, nervous and dull—a truly useless and disagreeable person. The worst part about it is that such a person is liable to take any dangerous disease that may be about. Pneumonia, Consumption, Bright's Disease, Cholera, Typhoid or Yellow Fever, Malaria. Small Pox would find him an easy mark because his system is weakened by impurities which are poisoning his very life-blood. In this condition a powerful system cleanser and regulator is urgently needed, and for such purpose what more effective remedy can be found than the justly celebrated



Prickly Ash Bitters

A Remedy that Has Proved Its Value For Kidney, Liver and Bowel Disorders in a Brilliant Record of Cures Performed.

It is the right medicine for such purpose, the greatest system cleanser and regulator. It combines the fine tonic properties of a kidney medicine, stomach, liver and blood purifier with a genial regulating influence in the bowels. It will gently urge the vital organs to a better and more complete performance of their duties, give them strength and restore healthy activity throughout the body. When the system has been cleared of obstructions and the kidneys resume fully their office of purifying the blood, the general condition takes an upward turn. Appetite and digestion are improved, the eyes are brighter, the hollow cheeks fill out, the complexion loses that sallow, muddy cast, giving place to a clear skin and ruddy glow. These are the signals of returning health, and they bring that thrill and joy of living and interest in life's duties that only those in perfect health enjoy.

Some dealers will try to sell you something when they say, "Just as good as PRICKLY ASH BITTERS." DON'T TAKE IT. Get the genuine with the large figure 3 in red on the front label. It will give you the results you desire. Put up in 19 ounce bottles. Price, 1.00.

Sold by all Druggists.



SICK HALF THE TIME.

In diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs men and women, once strong, hearty and vigorous are soon reduced to comparative helplessness at times they are able to get about and do odd jobs, at others prostrated completely. This was the experience of thousands of persons who owe their present good health to the great healing effect of PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. Why endure all this distress when a remedy that has proved its power and effectiveness in such ailments can be so easily obtained. PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is a kidney, liver and stomach stimulant and bowel purifier combined, therefore it exercises its cleansing and restorative influence uniformly in every part of the body. For the weakening irregularities peculiar to women PRICKLY ASH BITTERS has obtained the very highest endorsement. It corrects stomach and bowel disorders in children.

ADA EVENING NEWS.

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

OTIS B. WEAVER PUBLISHER
M. D. STEINER, BUSINESS MANAGER

Entered as Second class matter March 26, 1904, at the Postoffice at Ada, Indian Territory, under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Revival Meeting Closed

The cooperative revival meeting conducted by Rev. P. M. Fitzgerald of Arlington, Texas, and Rev. A. E. Wain of Ansonia, Pa., closed last night. The first week it was held in the Presbyterian Church and the last two weeks in the Baptist Church. The cooperation of the various churches was something beautiful.

There were about 32 professions nearly all of whom give their names for membership in some church. But probably the most good done was to the church people. Nearly all the sermons were directed to the church, and many have determined to live a better life. The sermons have been logical and eloquent, and thoroughly Biblical. The preacher has a good voice, pleasing personality and uses almost faultless English. The singing has been good. The solos and fine choruses have been

an inspiration to all. The evangelists go from here to Sulphur, I. T., where they begin next Sunday.

Two to Ardmore.

The officers took two prisoners to Ardmore Sunday night. One was a negro named Chas. Cochran, who was fined \$50 at last term of court for a disturbance and given time to pay it. Not having come through with the price he was retaken in custody under a capias.

The other party was Coty, Wilson, who was arrested in bed near Bebe Sunday morning by Officer Bronts. He was indicted last term for a disturbance but has eluded the officers for some time.

WANTED:—Men in each state to travel, post signs, advertise and leave samples of our goods. Salary \$75.00 per month, \$3.00 per day for expenses. Kuhlman Co., Dept. S., Atlas Block, Chicago.

Another Good Man Gone Wrong

He neglected to take Foley's Kidney Cure at the first signs of kidney trouble, hoping it would wear away, and he was soon a victim of Bright's disease. There is danger in delay, but if Foley's Kidney Cure is taken at once the symptoms will disappear, the kidneys are strengthened and you are soon sound and well. A R. Bass of Morgantown, Ind., had to get up ten or twelve times in the night, and had a severe back ache and pains in the kidneys, and was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure.

Rev. Carlisle P. B. Martin, L. L. D.

Of Waverly, Texas, writes: "Of a morning, when first arising I often find a troublesome collection of phlegm which produces a cough and is very hard to dislodge; but a small quantity of Ballard's Horehound Syrup will at once dislodge it, and the trouble is over. I know of no medicine that is equal to it, and it is so pleasant to take. I can most cordially recommend it to all persons needing a medicine for throat or lung trouble." Sold by Clark Drug Co.

"Here lies mine babe, as dead as nits."

Whom Gott has kilt mit ager fits. He would not let him live mit me. So took him up to live mit He."

The child would have lived had he been given Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever Cure. Sold by Clark Drug Co.



TIME CARD.
Ada, Ind. Ter.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.

No. 510 Meteor, 1:48 p. m.
No. 512 Eastern Exp., 9:45 a. m.
No. 542 Local Freight, 3:45 p. m.
WEST BOUND TRAINS.
No. 509 Meteor, 9:00 a. m.
No. 511 Texas Pass, 9:05 p. m.
No. 541 Local Freight, 7:45 a. m.
Local freight trains carry passengers provided with permits. Ten per cent. saved on the purchase of round trip tickets.
I. McNair, Agent.

Excursions to Florida and Cuba.

Will sell daily until April 30th 1906, low rate round trip tickets from all stations to certain points in Florida and Cuba, also to certain points in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina. Return limit, June 1st 1906. Through sleepers and Fred Harvey meals.

Let us furnish you rates, schedules, descriptive literature and other information.

I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.
F. E. Clark, D. P. A.,
Wichita, Kansas.



TIME OF TRAINS
ADA, I. T.

THE RIGHT TRAINS
BETWEEN

St. Louis, Kansas City, Junction City, Oklahoma City, In the North, and all points beyond.
Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, San Antonio, Galveston, in Texas, and all points beyond.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 112 Express, daily, 4:05 p. m.
No. 564 Local, except Sunday, 11:53 a. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 111 Express, daily, 11:53 a. m.
No. 563 Local, except Sunday, 2:16 p. m.

Annual Convention Retail Hardware and Implement Dealers Association of Texas, Dallas, Texas, January 23 to 25, 1906. For this occasion the Frisco will sell tickets at \$6.80 for the round trip. Tickets on sale Jan. 22, 23 and 24, limit for return Jan. 27th, 1906.
I. McNair, Agent, Ada, I. T.

To Aid the Southwest

Have you seen the new magazine, *Southwest*? It is published in St. Louis (formerly the Frisco Magazine). It is published by a Southwest man, contains stories of the Southwest and articles of interest to Southwest people, contributed by Southwest writers. It circulates in the Southwest, and contains the advertisements of Southwest firms. It will aid the Southwest in all her aims—for more people, for more factories, for advantageous legislation—for investment, immigration and irrigation.

Aid the work and benefit yourself by subscribing. Send 50c. for a year, 25c. for six months, or a postal for a sample copy FREE.

We also answer free of charge, inquiries from persons interested in settling or investing in the Southwest and furnish advertising rates on application. Address

Southwest, 1021 Frisco Building, St. Louis

Otis B. Weaver Fire Insurance Agent

Represents several old line companies with practically unlimited capital, all of whom will positively meet any rate and in some instances write fire insurance much cheaper.

With such companies, several years experience and an expert fire writer in office, your business is solicited.

Otis B. Weaver Fire Insurance Agent

A Kidney Medicine THAT CURES THE KIDNEYS.

Accept no substitute. Insist on having the genuine PRICKLY ASH BITTERS with the large figure 3 in red on the front label.

SOLD EVERYWHERE - PRICE \$1.00 PER BOTTLE

**PRICKLY
ASH
BITTERS**

If living is a joy to you,
Because your soul is sound,
And life seems good and sweet and true
That you have happily found,
Then sing a false and hopeless strain
Of doubting and despair.
But lift your voice all clear and plain
And sing that life is fair!

Sing of its beauty and its worth,
Its bright and sunny skies,
Sing all the loveliness of earth
As seen by happy eyes.
For then the soul's dependent born
Shall find them brave and strong,
Their way less gloomy and forlorn,
Because of your glad song!

—Ripley D. Saunders, in St. Louis Re-public.

THE STRONGHOLD OF THE BEES

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

IT was discovered by Lee Stevens one July afternoon, when he was fishing in Nelson's Creek, which flows through the mountains of West Virginia into the Potomac. From the western side of the creek the mountain rose in a gray assured bluff, fully sixty feet in height. A dead black-gum tree growing at the margin of the water reached half-way up the face of the bluff, and round the top of this tree Lee observed a great flight of bees. The tree, it appeared, was a "bee-tree."

Lee watched the insects with interest, for he was himself a bee-keeper. In partnership with Fred Armstrong, who lived on the adjoining farm, he was operating an apiary, which had grown from six to twenty colonies, and had already produced a pleasant little bank account.

Lee saw that the nest of bees was not in the tree. It was in the bluff itself, which was brushed by the dead branches. But as he could not see the actual entering place, he took off his coat and began to climb the tree.

He had to go to the very top, but he saw what he wanted. The stronghold of the bees was in a fissure of the rock, with an entrance not four inches in diameter. Below it a projecting ledge made, as it were, a door-step about a foot wide, and this shelf was covered with bees, alighting or crawling about.

It was evidently a very active and populous colony; it might well contain hundreds of pounds of honey and wax. But before Lee could make further observations he was stung on the wrist, and slid hurriedly to the ground.

The next day he brought Armstrong to look at the place. The smallness of the entrance was awkward, for they could neither get at the bees nor take out the combs without breaking them. But the rock was so cracked that it looked as if a piece might be pried off to enlarge the opening, which, Lee thought, could easily be reached from the top of the tree.

Three days later the boys returned to the bluff, equipped with a snail, sharp iron bar, an ax, and defensive armor of gauze veils and cotton gloves reaching to the elbow, as well as a bee-smoker loaded with a potent mixture of green tobacco leaves and hickory bark. They did not intend to get the honey on this visit. After enlarging the entrance, it would be better to allow the insects a day or two to grow quiet.

Fred agreed to undertake the work, aloft, and he put on his gloves and veil, put the bar in his pocket, and lighted the smoker, which he slung around his neck. Then he went up the tree, while Lee watched from below.

The ledge swarmed with bees. A deep hum came from the dark hole, and the warm fragrance of honey and wax. But he found that Lee had miscalculated the distance between the tree-top and the ledge. The branches would not bear him, and he could not reach the opening. He could not come within three feet of it, and he threw his weight on that side of the tree and tried to sway the trunk a little.

"Be careful! That tree's rotten!" called Lee from below.

But the trunk had bent forward far enough for Fred to grasp the jagged edge of the granite, and to get one knee upon the ledge.

He clung there against the spring of the tree, holding to the rock with his left hand, while with his right hand he drew the iron bar and began to pry at a crevice beside the aperture.

At the first click of the iron the bees were upon him, coming like tiny arrows against his veil. He unslung the smoker and poured smoke into the hole, checking the attack temporarily.

It was ticklish work, clinging at once to the tree and the ledge, but the fragment of rock gave way under the crowbar. It moved. With a strong effort he dislodged it, and it fell.

It left the opening a trifle larger. A cloud of bees rose like a puff of dense smoke, and almost at the same moment there was a crack! from the dead tree trunk, a yowl of dismay from Lee, and the tree snapped off about six feet below the ledge, and went crashing down.

Fred never knew why he did not go with it. He caught instinctively at the granite, dropping smoker and bar, and threw himself forward upon his knee. He found himself sitting on the narrow shelf, with his legs dangling over forty feet of space, and a cloud of desperately infuriated bees round his head.

He glanced at the stump of the tree, measuring the distance. It was too far to reach, too far to jump. The dead branches would snap if he fell.

among them. Yet the cliff was too precipitous to be scaled, either above or below him, and the few bushes growing in the crevices were too weak to offer hope.

The air about his face was darkened with the flying insects, and Fred involuntarily quailed before their fury, although he did not think that they could get at him. They settled on the gauze of his veil in scores, in hundreds, till the stuff sagged heavily with their weight and became as opaque as leather, and half a dozen burning stabs on his legs and body showed that they had managed to get under his clothing. Suddenly he felt a sharp thrust on his cheek, then another. He thought the veil must have sagged against the skin, but to his horror he felt bees crawling on his cheek. The thin gauze had ripped, probably in a weak spot, under the weight of the quart or two of bees.

Fred had the misfortune—for a bee-keeper—to be quickly and severely affected by stings, and he could feel his face puffing up already. He closed his eyes tight to protect them as far as possible. The bees were back upon him in myriads, and when they were once under the veil it was impossible to brush them out.

The smell of the bees nauseated the boy, and he grew dizzy and faint. He rallied from this in a moment, but a numb listlessness overcame him. He thought he heard, far away, a noise as of some one chopping wood, and tried to open his eyes. The lids would not close but a crack.

He realized vaguely that he was in danger of fainting and toppling from his narrow perch, but he felt as if he did not much care. There might be worse things than to fall gently, softly through the cool air, and be free from his buzzing tormentors. He was seized by a strong temptation to let himself slip over. It would be so easy! He seemed to hear a voice above the whirr and roar of the wings.

"Jump!" it repeated. "Jump! Jump!"

He resisted the prompting as long as he was able; he did not know how long. Then, suddenly yielding, he put his hands on the rock beside him and swung off.

Smash! He went almost immediately into cracking branches. The shock brought him to himself. The branches broke as he grasped them, but there was something more solid under him. It was a tree trunk. He grasped it, and slid down blindly, losing most of the clinging bees in the descent, till his feet touched solid ground, and he felt an arm thrown round his shoulder. "I was calling to you for ten minutes to jump!" exclaimed Lee. "I thought you'd be stung to death."

With admirable resource Lee had felled the tree so that it leaned against the bluff directly beneath Fred's perch. He could not have missed it in jumping.

Fred lay on the grass for the rest of the afternoon, with his face painted with wet mud. At sunset he was able to walk the three miles to his home, although weakly, and with a countenance swollen out of human semblance. The swelling abated in a day or two, however, and did no permanent harm; but for more than a month the odor of bees or wax produced such a violent nausea that he was unable to do his share of the work of the joint apiary.

The wild bees still dwell and prosper in the rocks. As the tree is broken off, their stronghold is more inaccessible than ever. —Youth's Companion.

His Niggardliness.

"I shan't bates, brudders and sistahs, to publicly stigmatize any member of dis congregation by name," grins remarked good old Parson Woolfson, during a recent sermon, fixing a basilisk glare on a certain miserly and unproductive person before him. "Time after a time, when de contribution box hab circumambulated around, de brudder under specification ain't flung in nary cent, but dess sot and sot and soaked up de sermint, and neber said 'boo' about payin' his predestined prostrate. Dar comes a time, miah friends, when procrastination done ceases to be virtuous, and I is now givine to ax dat disbeliever and reluctant passon why'n't he reorganize his 'sponsibilities and retribute wid a 'casual nickel or a little 'sothin' dat-a-way. Don't you know, Brudder Slowfoot—'I's givine to predicate to him—don't yo' know dat vo' am due and elected to lend to de Lawd? Don't you?—"

"I knows all dat, and mo', too," doggedly replied the economist Mr. Slowfoot. "I knows dat, all right enough, and I stands ready and willin' to lend de Lawd. When de Lawd comes after de money 'I's er-givine to fork over; but I sho' preclaims in a high, clear voice dat I ain't gwine to hand it out to nobody else!" —Tom Watson's Magazine.

Know Her Weakness.

It was the sweet scent of the lilies in the conservatory, or the beauty of the young girl's gilt hair, at any rate, after the two-step, as they rested in the shadow beneath a palm, he proposed to the debutante in white.

"It cannot be," she said. "I am unworthy of you."

"Oh, rubbish!" said he.

"It is true, it is too true." And she sighed.

"You are an angel," he said, ardently. "No, no; you are wrong," said the young girl. "I am vain, idle, silly, utterly unfit to be your helpmate through life."

He laughed lightly. He said in a soothing voice:

"Why, this is sheer madness. What sort of a wife do you think I ought to have?"

"A very wise, deliberate, practical woman," she replied; "one able to live on your small salary." —Philadelphia Telegraph.

How the American Spy Stole Great Britain's Naval Signal Code.

THERE was a good deal of bitterness between England and the Northern States at this time, and the Government at Washington was deeply interested in the despatches forwarded by the British Minister to his home Government. It was known that England was friendly to the Confederacy and willing to aid it secretly, if not by open recognition. Under such conditions, it became necessary to know as much as possible of what was passing to and fro between Washington and London in the form of cryptograms; and while most of this matter went by messenger or mail to New York, there were many cipher telegrams sent at the last moment to catch the outgoing steamer, there being no ocean cable at that time. At the telegraph office all such messages were subjected to examination and copies of them were made. After a brief conversation with Secretary Welles, the old gentleman brought out one of these cipher copies, and placing it in my hands said:

"Mr. Osborn, you have a way of finding out secrets. Do you think you can solve that? If you can, it will be worth five thousand dollars to you."

I did not know even the nature of the paper at the time, but I saw that it was a cipher made up partly of words and partly of a combination of numerals, usually in groups of four figures. Something about it suggested to me a naval signal book, and the thought occurred that perhaps if we had a copy of that used by British service we might unravel the mystery. I studied the paper for some time, and the more I considered the matter the more certain I became that the British naval signal book would furnish the key. I finally informed Mr. Welles that I believed I could work the matter out, but that I would need several days' leave from my paper and perfect copies of the ciphers. The former I obtained without difficulty, and the latter were promptly supplied. With them in an inner pocket, I left that night for Boston, where a British man-of-war was lying. It was my purpose to secure her signal book at whatever hazard and by whatever means, for in such cases the old adage of "All is fair in love and war" holds true.

What I had undertaken to do was a risky business. The two nations were at peace, outwardly at least, and if my attempt were detected I could expect neither mercy from one side nor success from the other. I think, however, I gave this phase of the matter but slight consideration. My chief thought was of the signal book, and how to get it.

Arriving at Boston, I promptly used my naval acquaintance to get introductions to the officers of her majesty's service, and by a diplomatic course of winning and dining presently made myself a welcome visitor on her majesty's vessel. Indeed, I soon became a favorite with all on board, especially with the signal officer, to whom I told my best yarns, often inviting him to a dinner ashore to hear them. Of course, this resulted in return invitations, and sometimes it happened that when I wished to brush my hair or otherwise attend to my toilet I was invited to make use of his room for that purpose.

It was but a brief time before I had located the coveted signal book—a tidily bound volume with leaden plates riveted to the corners, so that in event of capture it could be readily dropped overboard and lost. The whole was encased in a canvas bag, suspended by a shoulder-strap. During my next visit I had sufficient opportunity to examine the book for a few minutes, and found to my delight that it did, in reality, furnish the key I wanted. I had memorized a few of the cryptographic words, and with the book before me and the signal officer at muster on deck I verified my conclusions. The next thing in order was to secure this priceless volume. I reasoned that as there were no other English vessels nearby, it might be weeks before the book would be needed, and that if I could remove the contents from the covers, substituting them with leaves of the same bulk and appearance, there would be a good chance not only to get safely clear of the vessel, but for a considerable period to elapse before the loss was discovered, by which time it would be by no means certain when the abstraction had occurred.

I therefore took careful measurements, and the next time I boarded the ship my dummy book was with me—a copy of Ray's Arithmetic, if I remember correctly, picked up on a second-hand stall. That was a foggy night, and I lingered late. When I mentioned going ashore, my friend, the signal officer, protested, and offered me the use of his room. I had hardly dared hope for this stroke of fortune.

I had plenty of time that night to do the job in a neat and workmanlike manner. I was really proud of the resemblance the Ray's Arithmetic bore to the signal book when it was properly in its neat covers and riveted leaden plates. Then, after carefully adjusting my prize to its new dress, I lay down and slept the sleep that comes of well-doing and a clear conscience.

I did not hurry away next morning—that would not do. I even lingered a little, and finally bade them all good-by, with a good deal of regret I must own, for they were jolly fellows.

Arriving on shore, I lost no time in getting a train for the Capital, and once across the strain told on me, for I had been keyed to a pretty high pitch during those days in Boston, and I dozed and slept most of the day and all that night without a break.

But I was at the Department next morning, bright and early, and when the Secretary had glanced over his mail he sent for me to come to his private office.

"Well, Mr. Osborn," he said, "you have made a long stay. Have you been able to read those telegrams yet?" I drew up a chair beside him, and pulling out a cipher of over one hundred and fifty words, read to him a well-connected, perfectly intelligible, highly interesting and important communication from the British Minister to the Home Secretary. —Pearson's Magazine.

WAYS OF GREAT MEN

How Some Celebrities Ate, Slept, Worked and Played.

Lives of great men usually remind us that we cannot make our lives sublime by following their rules about diet, drink, work and sleep. Gladstone's rule about chewing his food with many bites before swallowing it, was excellent sense, a good rule for every one. But Thomas Edison, being interviewed the other day about his habits, advocated more work as a cure for overwork and little food and not much sleep as highly beneficial. "Digestion easily becomes a tax on vitality, and remarkable benefits sometimes come from cutting down the rations of an ailing person. Moreover, a change of employment is restful. But the faculty will hardly back Mr. Edison in advocating less sleep for the majority of mankind, or in prescribing harder work as a cure for overwork. Mark Twain confesses that he has lately cured himself of indigestion by substituting three or four frugal meals a day for one big one. Think of this keeping up, and so well up, these many years on one meal a day! When you run the very small eaters to earth you usually find that they are pretty steady and generous consumers of tobacco. Mr. Edison smokes. Mr. Horace Fletcher, the English prophet of little to eat and chew it very fine, is a fairly constant smoker. Mark Twain is not conscious of taking any exercise, and when he stays abroad until it is done. Any beginner who followed his regimen of Mr. Edison's would come punctually to grief. The truth is a seasoned mind-worker of mature years is apt to be one of the toughest things that nature's laboratory produces. He is apt to be in considerable measure poison-proof; at least he has learned, usually, what he can do, and what he cannot do. With alcohol, tobacco, coffee and tea. And he has usually learned not to burden his body with an unnecessary amount of food, or else his habits of digestion are so perfected that nothing jolts them. An average first-flight football player is a baby in the important kinds of hardness compared with a thoroughly seasoned lawyer or writer. —Harper's Weekly.

She Was Not to Be Fooled.

Jim Matthews, who sells shoes all over the West for a Cincinnati house, was at the Brown Palace Monday. During the evening Matthews and another shoe salesman were talking "shop" near the desk in the lobby. "Say," said Clerk Churchill to them, "I want to ask you fellows something. How about this claim you often hear, that women always want to wear shoes a size or two too small for them? Do shoe clerks have to fool them?"

"Sometimes they do," replied Matthews, "but not nearly so much as the newspaper humorists would have you believe. I shall never forget a time that I was waiting on a woman in Kansas City when I was a shoe clerk. She was elegantly dressed and very stylish. Her foot called for a No. 4 shoe. I figured that she would have to be fooled, so I got a No. 4 and said: 'Madam, here's a No. 2. I think it is exactly what you wear.'"

"Did I please her?" asked Churchill. "Please her! I should say not," replied the shoe salesman. "She got up and picked up two bundles. 'Young man,' she said, 'you are simply a liar. My foot needs a No. 4. I didn't come in here to be fooled or lied to.' Then she walked out. The proprietor, who had been standing near, was serious for a moment. Then he smiled. 'Well, Jim,' he said, 'she called the turn on you, anyway. You do tell some awfully big ones.' —Denver Post.

The African Drum.

The African drum appears in varied and often picturesque forms. The natives make drums out of shells, tree trunks, or earthenware, covered with the skin of some wild animal, or sometimes with India rubber. Of the original calabash drums there is probably only one specimen in Europe. Some of the drums are highly ornamented, either by painting or carving. One specimen, indeed, has puzzled travelers, for there is depicted on it unmistakably a cross, and also a head of European type. A drum found in Upper Lunaba has a unique peculiarity in the way of a "sympathetic chord," formed by means of a small tube, ingeniously inserted in the side of the instrument, which causes, when the drum is beaten, a vibration resembling that of the reed pipe. —Southern Workman.

Words.

Noah Webster gazed at his completed dictionary with alarm. "I hope," he said, "there will be words enough in it to describe the President's attitude on the railroad-rate question." Still doubting he went to sleep in his Amherst home. —New York World.

How an Old Lady Invalid Became Encouraged.

Health resorts always attract not only those persons who are really suffering from some ill, but also many of those who are given to extraordinary and unfounded fancies of the evil state of their bodies. At a Michigan hotel noted for the cure of rheumatism came a woman from New York, who at once made the acquaintance of every person apparently of the sole purpose of telling them her imaginary ailments, hearing them tell about their own, and discussing at great length the curative qualities of the springs.

She made a particular victim of an old gentleman, who, being of a somewhat retiring, silent temperament, was extremely annoyed by her questions and her often repeated tales of woe.

Finally, one morning, when he was taking a sun-bath on the piazza, surrounded by a few congenial acquaintances, the woman approached, inflicted upon him a renewal of her tiresome conversation, and exhausted his patience. His opportunity for revenge came quickly.

"Mr. Ladd," said she, settling weakly into a chair, "we have had so many pleasant discussions about our sufferings—and yet not half so pleasant as they might have been, because I've been so frightfully lashed with these terrible pains. Why, I looked in the glass this morning, and you have no idea how pale I was! I scarcely knew myself! But what I wanted to ask you was this: What do you think of these baths? Have you any faith in them? And this climate, particularly, and this air?"

"Madam," replied the old man, "I cannot speak so surely about the baths, but there is no doubt about the climate and the air. I can truthfully say I feel at home here. Why, when I first came here I weighed less than I do now by more than fifty pounds."

"Just think of it!" she exclaimed. "I could hardly raise an arm above my head. I could not speak an intelligible word. I never left my bed without being lifted out of it by strong arms, and my hands were so useless that I could not pick up a knife and fork. Most of my days I spent half-conscious or asleep upon my back, and I did not take any interest in the conversation of my nurse—for, of course, it was necessary to have a nurse."

"You can see that now I have quite a little hair. When I came to this town there was not a spear of it on my head. I needed attention night and day. I was so weak and helpless that a child of four years of age might have choked me to death without his being in my power to resist. That was when I first came here."

"Graciously!" cried the woman, excitedly. "You give me so much hope! How long have you been here? When did you first come?"

"Madam," answered the old man, solemnly, "I was born here." —Youth's Companion.

The Effect of Weeping.

"I am forty years of age," said a lively talking man, "and never to my recollection have I shed a tear. Of course, as a child I must have done my share of crying, but the impressions or effects of that I do not now recall. I have seen many people, men and women, cry, and I would like to know what is the effect of weeping upon the weeper. I might have asked some of those I have seen weep. I suppose, but delicacy has always forbidden it."

"I know that it is said if those in deep grief can weep they will not suffer so much, and it is this physical result I want defined. I remember in my dreams to have wept over sorrows, and the feeling was that of forgetfulness of my trouble. I mean by that, that while the tears came and the frame was shaken by sobs, there seemed to be a temporary absence in the mind of the cause of the weeping. Is that the explanation? Some have told me rather vaguely that possibly that was the explanation, but they would not say so definitely."

"Some have said they didn't know why they wept; they simply wept and felt better for it. As a rule I believe the effect is said to be rather mental or spiritual than physical or material, and I am inclined to dispute this explanation. If anybody here can tell me what I want to know I'll be obliged."

This started a discussion, but at the end of it the man didn't seem to know any more than when he asked his first question. —New York Press.

Sentiment in Watercress.

"I really believe," said the diner out, "that the reason people in this city are so fond of watercress is that it brings a mental 'Old Homestead' play on the dinner table. I have seen people in New York eat watercress avidously who, to my certain knowledge, would not take the trouble to walk down to the brook and gather it in their native village. Just start a watercress conversation the next time any comes on the table and see what happens. All you have got to do is to say, 'When I was a boy I used to gather watercress out of a brook which ran right through the farm.' If you want to be very artificial say 'place,' instead of 'farm.'"

"Vast quantities of watercress are consumed by people living in New York and the supplying of it is a profitable industry. And if it were not for the sentiment precious little of it would be eaten. But, somehow, nothing does bring the country like a dish of watercress in a crowded city. Of course, we seldom ate the cress in our childhood. We preferred dandelions—boiled with pork. But the watercress whispers so alluringly of the brook and the spring that in the city it is a treat to us from the farm. No other vegetable, or herb, or whatever you may please to call it, has quite the home bringing qualities of watercress." —New York Press.

How the Youth's Bodily Vigor Stead Him in Good Stead.

Young Lincoln's bodily vigor stood him in good stead in many ways. In frontier life strength and athletic skill served, as well for popular amusement as for prosaic toil, and at times, indeed, they were needed for personal defense. Every community had its champion wrestler, a man of considerable local importance, in whose success the neighbors took a becoming interest. There was, not far from New Salem, a settlement called Clary's Grove, where lived a set of restless, rollicking young backwoodsmen with a strong liking for frontier athletics and rough practical jokes. Jack Armstrong was the leader of these, and until Lincoln's arrival had been the champion wrestler of both Clary's Grove and New Salem. He and his friends had not the slightest personal grudge against Lincoln; but hearing the neighborhood talk about the newcomer, and especially Offutt's extravagant praise of his clerk, who, according to Offutt's statement, knew more than any one else in the United States, and could beat the whole country at running, jumping or "wrestling," they decided that the time had come to assert themselves, and strove to bring about a trial of strength between Armstrong and Lincoln. Lincoln, who disapproved of all this "woolung and pulling," as he called it, and had no desire to come to blows with his neighbors, put off the encounter as long as possible. At length even his good temper was powerless to avert it, and the wrestling match took place. Jack Armstrong soon found that he had tackled a man as strong and skillful as himself; and his friends, seeing him likely to get the worst of it, swarmed to his assistance, almost succeeding, by tripping and kicking, in getting Lincoln down. At the unfairness of this Lincoln became suddenly and furiously angry, put forth his entire strength, lifted the pride of Clary's Grove in his arms like a child, and holding him high in the air, almost choked the life out of him. It seemed for a moment as though a general fight must follow; but even while Lincoln's fierce rage compelled their respect, his quickly returning self-control won their admiration, and the crisis was safely passed. Instead of becoming enemies and leaders in a neighborhood feud, as might have been expected, the two grew to be warm friends, the affection thus strangely begun lasting through life. They proved useful to each other in various ways, and years afterward Lincoln made ample amends for his rough treatment of the other's throat by saving the neck of Jack Armstrong's son from the halter in a memorable trial for murder. The Clary's Grove "boys" voted Lincoln "the cleverest fellow that had ever broke into the settlement," and thereafter took as much pride in his peaceableness and book-learning as they did in the rougher and more questionable accomplishments of their discomfited leader. —From Helen Nicolay's "The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln," in St. Nicholas.

WISE WORDS.

Our purposes are often the results of God's plans.

Wise men never hesitate to look in lowly places.

Heralds of greatest events have been amongst the lowly.

You can keep thoughts out, but you cannot keep them in.

Friendship which must be bought is never worth the price it costs.

Wisdom is the natural ally of virtue; ignorance is the natural ally of vice.

Nothing could be more unprofitable than a life absorbed in profit-making.

Every time you stifle a good impulse you make it harder to start the next one.

It's a good deal easier to regulate this world than it is to set your own house straight.

The guardian angel of life sometimes flies so high that we cannot see it—but he is never too far away to see us, and will at the proper time be over us.

Delicate Compliments.

Many delicate compliments have been paid the fair sex by men subtle in speech, but here is one straight from the heart of an illiterate negro that is difficult to excel. It is recalled by the Rev. C. P. Smith, of Kansas City, in telling the story of a marriage fee.

"When I was preaching at Walla Walla, Wash.," he said, "there was no negro preacher in town, and I was often called upon to perform a ceremony between negroes. — One afternoon, after I had married a young negro couple, the groom asked the price of the service.

"'Oh, well,' said I, 'you can pay me whatever you think it is worth to you.' 'The negro turned and silently looked his bride over from head to foot, then slowly rolling up the whites of his eyes to me, said:

"'Lawd, sah, you has done ruined me for life; you has, for sure.' — Chicago Inter-Ocean.

His Beautiful Faith.

John, Jr., five, was promised he could go to the circus.

His mother, thinking he would become frightened at the elephants and other animals, told him he would have to be brave and manly and not be afraid of anything he would see.

Friday night (he was to go Saturday) as he finished saying his nightly prayers, he raised his voice and with a most beautiful faith and confidence and all the earnestness his five years could command he said:

"O God, make me good, brave, strong and manly for the circus." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

German pig iron production in October passed, for the first time, the million ton mark.